

THE HOME:

A

FIRESIDE MONTHLY,

FOR

The Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CHAPTER I.

TRAVELER.

"Again, again, O watcher on the tower!
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

WATCHER.

"I hope, but can not tell. I hear a song
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong
As of a lark, young prophet of the noon,
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."
CHARLES MACKAY.

MARTHA LIVINGSTONE came out of church with the crowd, and with a thoughtful face stepped into her father's carriage. Many, whose minds were already diverted from the sermon, looked after her with envy or admiration, as the case might be, for she was lovely in person and faultless in dress; and the equipage, over which the liveried coachman held such lordly sway, was one of the handsomest upon the street.

It was a day in early winter, chilly, but bright and clear; the horses stepped haughtily, the harness glittered; the coachman drew up his fur wrapper with his fawn-colored glove, as a breeze, coming up the side-avenues, struck his high-tinted cheek.

Martha chanced to be the sole occupant of the carriage upon that day, and, as it moved away, she sank back

in the cushions, remaining in a reverie until she reached her home, never once looking up to remark who might be gazing after her. Ascending to her chamber, and laying aside her ermined cloak and exquisite bonnet, she regarded them earnestly, as if silently asking them a question. Some words of the pastor had fixed themselves in her mind, and she sat down to ponder them. She hardly knew why they had chanced to have so much meaning for her; the moment before she heard them her thoughts had been far away, and the voice of the preacher had been in her ear like the murmur of distant water,—when, suddenly, her attention was all alert, and a sentence fell, not so much outwardly upon her ear as inwardly upon her soul:

"We are already entered into the spiritual world; the body itself is but as a thin film which clothes the spirit." She bent her fair, young head a little forward. "Oh! if man would but stand before his brother man, as soul to soul, how different would their intercourse be! If our senses were but made, as they should be, the instruments for developing the spirit, how independent we should become of many of our humbling

necessities. If we could but keep this truth permanently before us, how false and foolish would many of our standards of character appear! how easy it would be to detect the spurious currency of society, the false estimate it stamps upon the gilded, counterfeit coin, the contempt with which it casts aside the genuine! We have already entered into the spiritual world; we have not to wait for death with its great, mysterious change, before we begin that life of the spirit which we hope hereafter to lead. Think not, if the soul is here subservient to the meanest interests of the body, or even the grasping dominion of the intellect, that with death it can suddenly emerge into the full splendor of the angelic nature. I tell you the work must be commenced here; the body and its wants, the mind and its capacities must be the servants and helpers of that more glorious spiritual part which is to decide the place we shall take amid the heavenly hosts hereafter. Oh! if we would but give the exaltation due here to our finest essence, how much more true and glorious would life become, while death would be but a change from one country to another more pleasant and home-like still! Death would be deprived of its sting, the grave of its victory! Oh, blindness and folly! seeing, we see not; hearing, we hear not; like children who gather handfuls of dust and cast upon themselves, heedless of the roses and amaranths that blossom a little to one side, so do we defile ourselves upon the noisy highways of life."

She might have heard similar words many previous times, but as the earth is sometimes hard and dry, refusing a hiding-place to the seed which is dropped upon it, so may her heart have been; while to-day it was like the earth in spring-time, ready for the sower's hand.

For a long time Martha pondered her pastor's words as she sat in her luxurious chamber. Three days ago

had been her eighteenth birthday, when her father had surprised her by a gift of a set of pearls worth two thousand dollars. She recalled the glow of delight with which she had clasped them about her rounded arms and snowy, slender throat, wondering if there was any pleasure more real than that,—for Martha was the child of indulgence and fashion, and the best part of her powers still slumbered as deeply as if doomed to an eternal death. She even arose and surveyed her beautiful person in the mirror. If that profuse adornment of shining hair, that pearly brow, those brilliant eyes, those "lips grown ripe for kissing," that stainless bosom, those ivory limbs clad in their softly rustling draperies, were but the perishing garment, "the thin mist" clouding the soul; what might the soul itself be when the mist dissolved and it stood forth clothed only with righteousness? How fearful to drop a body so fair as this, and stand before the presence of God and His angels dwarfed and deformed in every spiritual limb and feature! If she took such daily and hourly care to preserve the loveliness of her person intact, for its own sake and for the admiration of earthly eyes, of how much more importance to keep intact the loveliness of the spirit, exposed as it was to the clear gaze of the inhabitants of heaven!

Mechanically she moved about, looking into her jewel casket, her repository of costly laces, her closets overflowing with dainty and exquisite dresses.

"Verily," said she, "we take great care of the body."

She was aroused from her reflections by the summons to dinner. Going down, she found that, as usual, her father had half a dozen guests to his Sunday dinner. Mr. Endicott Livingstone prided himself, among other worldly things, upon his sumptuous table, which, upon sabbath, was more liberal even than upon other days. Whether it was that he thought the

day might in that manner be worthily honored, or that he wished it as a subject for his morning reflections during his punctual and punctilious attendance upon divine service, can not be said. Fortunate were the epicureans who were invited to this weekly feast of good things.

As Martha entered, her parents gave her a look of proud affection. She was their only child, and it may be inferred how perfect she was in their eyes. The guests were already seated, and the butler, bustling softly about, hastened to place her chair. All smiled upon her with cordial admiration; it was difficult, surrounded as she was by an atmosphere of love and flattery, for her to realize that she had any other duty to perform than to "suffer herself to be desired," to accept, with modest graciousness, the estimate in which she was held.

"If a seraph should come along without his credentials, I wonder if papa and mamma would allow their hospitality to be extended to him?" thought the young girl, a little roguishly, as she looked about upon the well-bred circle of friends; remembering, "We are already entered into the spiritual world,"—and then she mentally begged pardon of the refined and complacent company.

There was an exception to the otherwise subdued and unexceptionable air of the guests. Her *viz a-viz* was a stranger, whom her father simply introduced as Mr. Reynard. His voice was very unpleasant, although he endeavored to render it insinuating. Martha received his obsequious attentions with the reserve which became her; wondering, all the while, how he found his way to her father's table. It was evident, despite the superfineness of his dress, and his easy manners, that he was uneducated, and at present out of his sphere. His age was about fifty, his person gross, his face a bad one in every lineament—coarse, sly, and ugly.

Elegant, bland, and humorous, the host shed a luster of wit and welcome,

as broad as that of the glowing chandeliers, over the turtle, and fish, and game, the made-dishes, the salads, the boned-turkey, the delicate dessert. His laugh was low and rich, pleasing his hearers irresistibly by its mellow gurgle, oily as that of the golden old wine that bubbled into their glasses. It was echoed upon every occasion by that of Mr. Reynard—loud, boisterous, explosive as pot-house ale. Martha took such an aversion to the person that she would, not even look toward him.

Presently the conversation turned upon religious subjects. It was beginning to be a period of intense excitement, destined soon to arrive at an unparalleled height. A great revival of religion was taking place all over the land. Individuals, churches, cities, states were thrilled by its rising power. As yet, it had not reached its sublimest development. Churches were fanning the precious flame, and the heterodox were looking curiously on. Already the signs of the times predicted that swiftly-coming future, which should, ere the spring again renewed the freshness of nature, see half a nation upon its knees, bending, struggling, agonized, elate. Already the heralds were running, panting, as they fell at the gates of Zion, to announce the tidings of those who were yet to come—mighty men from the arena of politics, from the stage of ambition; men from the commercial marts, men from the lowest circles, even from the rings of the prize-fighters; now a man renowned for mental power, and now for moral degradation; women, delicate and fashionable, women, foul and unclean; little children, rich and poor, pressing forward after these forerunners. Not yet had the pits of theaters resounded with the wailings of prayer, nor the desks of merchants been turned into the pulpit of the preacher, but the premonitory surges of the in-rolling ocean were beating against the dull shores of ordinary life. The people listened, and looked, and drew a little

nearer, and were swept from their foothold as ever they were aware of its closeness. It was the fashion now to inquire,—not, “Have you been to the opera?” but “Have you been to prayer-meeting?” so the lady of the mansion improved a lull in the table-talk, to ask of her next neighbor if his church had shown any unusual signs of awakening.

“Oh, yes!” was the reply; “the spirit of the Lord is upon us in earnest. Our reverend pastor added twenty to his flock to-day, and there will probably be as many more by another sabbath.”

“Indeed! what a splendid work is being accomplished. How was it with us to-day, Martha? Any excitement?”

“Our minister gave us a most excellent sermon, mamma. Many people were deeply affected. Still it was not what some people would regard as a ‘revival’ sermon.”

“It was probably all the better for that then,” remarked a young man at the table, *sotto voce*.

Martha looked over at him inquiringly. She had a respect which almost amounted to a belief in the opinions and tastes of the speaker. Mr. Irving was a very distant relative of her family, a gentleman of many fine acquirements, quiet habits, and some peculiar views. He had once studied for the ministry, but had never preached. Ill health drove him abroad; and the same cause seemed to have dampened the ardent ambition which burned in his youthful heart; so that, although he returned from his travels at twenty-six years of age with renewed physical energies, the course he had prescribed for himself changed, and he had passed the last four years in study, alternating with a “busy idleness.” He spent days in old libraries, and other days over books of poetry, and weeks ranging the valleys and hill-sides for health, and the happiness which a refined man always finds in the presence and solitude of nature. His home, for

months at a time, had been with the Livingstones. By temperament, and, perhaps, by education and reflection, he was averse to stormy riotings of the mind and earthquake shocks of soul, even when the moving cause was a religious one.

“The seed grows in stillness; it is nourished by the soft falling rain and the noiseless sunlight,” he remarked, in answer to Martha’s inquiring look.

“What then?” queried a friend. “Did not God reveal himself to Moses upon the mount in terrible thunder and lightning? Was not Paul stricken as by a thunderbolt, when he fell by the way-side and was blind for three days? Did not Christ perform miracles?”

“And are not the workings of the tornado, the fiery upheavals of the volcano as much the result of the infallible laws of Nature, as the blooming flower and the fragrant dew-drop?” asked Mr. Livingstone. “Were not those laws instituted for a wise purpose, and will not they eventually work out some good thing? Have they not already formed new islands in the sea, and fertile lands in barren places? Then why not let the Holy Ghost work its will in a glorious outburst like this?”

“For pity’s sake, Ralph, do not be getting up any of your exclusive ideas in opposition to a movement which is doing the churches so much good,” added Mrs. Livingstone. “Only think! we have already thirteen new members, and two of them are those fashionable Misses Doolittle. I declare, it was quite touching to see them at the communion-table.”

“I do not intend to oppose this excitement,” returned Mr. Irving, with a smile; “if it is of the Lord’s doing, He will not take much notice of the opposition of a quiet man like me, while He will be abundantly able to get along without my assistance. I only propose to keep still, and let things take their course. I shall make a study of this phase of human nature.”

"Dissect the Dove of Peace, as if it were a new species of raven or humming-bird which chance had thrown in your way," murmured Martha.

"You can not but admit that the destructive elements you have mentioned, Mr. Livingstone, are not accused of doing any present good. They are instruments of dread and suffering. We look with hope and faith to the budding leaf, the springing wheat, the April shower, the July sunshine," continued Mr. Irving. "However, I do not intend to argue the question. I only say that we may pause and reflect before we accept any popular enthusiasm as strictly the work of the Lord—the evidence of the especial outpouring of His spirit. Men are like sheep. When one goes over the wall, they all go, in just the same way, at just the same spot. You can not check them. They are so in religious as well as other matters. Because a revival breaks out nearly simultaneously at San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, etc., it is no proof that any extra spiritual agency has been employed. Look to the past! Nations have made fools of themselves, chasing after some silly soap-bubble, the noise and clamor of each individual maddening the whole with the infection. It is curious to those who have not deeply studied the springs of the human heart, to see what strange infatuations sometimes rage mentally, as pestilence and famine rage physically. In 'The Slow Poisoners,' in Mackay's 'Popular Delusions,' there are a few facts very significant to a thoughtful mind. Speaking of the trial of Madame de Brenvilliers, for her atrocious murders, he says: 'All the details of her crimes were published and greedily devoured; and the idea of secret poisoning was first put into the heads of hundreds who afterward became guilty of it.' In Italy, France, and England, the mania for poisoning raged. Well, this is but one of a great many manias

which have taken possession of people. And I have noticed the fearful effect of publishing, in our daily papers, the details of unusual or terrible crimes. One is always the precursor of a number more of the same character. Whether it be that we imitate like apes, or not, such is the case. The effect which the daily report of these prayer-meetings will have, will be no greater in proportion than that of the trial of Mrs. Cunningham. If ten thousand Mrs. Cunninghams had committed ten thousand murders, as many more would be found to follow their example—witness witchcraft and many other popular cruelties. I do not say that there is not much good in this enthusiasm which now prevails; I only say that we need not be judged as infidelic and stony-hearted, because we do not recognize the especial interposition of God in it."

"If all the world were as conservative as you, Mr. Irving, there would never be any great reform," remarked a guest.

"I can conceive of nothing more truly sublime than such a manifestation as the present, of the power of God upon the hearts of His creatures. To see a single soul deeply moved by any passion, has always something thrilling in it; but to see hundreds stirred and agonized by the cry of 'What shall we do to be saved?' and then filled with irrepressible exultation as the answer comes down to them from the pitying voice of Christ, the Mediator, has in it the spiritual elements of a sublimity which passes our poor language to describe," added another.

Martha looked at the last speaker earnestly. Her delicate face was flushed with emotion.

"Have I any thing to do to be saved?" she queried mentally.

"It makes a person tremble in his shoes to hear some of them exhortations," remarked Mr. Reynard.

"You might better call them anathemas," replied Mr. Irving. "Some

philosophers declare that all revivals are the result of a cringing fear. Cora Hatch says so, I believe."

"Do you believe that worship is only fear?" asked Martha.

"Oh, no! the emotions of gratitude, the aspirations of love, the singing of the heart in the fullness of its joy and praise—'singing and making melody in the heart,' the yearning after purity for purity's own sake,—these are not fear!" and the young man's face glowed as he spoke, as from the radiance of some inner light.

"If I could feel *thus!*" sighed the girl to herself, as she remembered how utterly conventional and absorbed by petty emotions and worldly interests her life was.

But the dessert was upon the table; and after partaking of a single glass of sherry, the ladies retired to the parlors, where they were shortly followed by Mr. Irving, while the rest of the gentlemen lingered at their wine; and the loud laugh of Mr. Reynard was heard always echoing the rich voice of his host.

The two or three matrons of the party becoming absorbed in a subdued conversation, left Martha to her reflections. Sinking into the embrace of an easy chair, she gazed into the fiery-hearted anthracite, pondering in her young mind some of the questions which had been started that day.

"We shall suspect you are in love, if you keep on that abstracted manner," laughed one of the ladies, presently.

"Do not even speak of it!" hastily added her mother. "She is our only child, and we can not spare her for a long, long time yet! Sad will be the day when we are no longer first in her affections. I am no advocate of early marriages."

"Neither am I, dear mamma; so do not be alarmed. I have never seen my 'ideal' yet, either. I was only thinking of some things which our minister said to-day."

"You have little need to trouble your head about such serious things,"

said her mother, regarding her fondly. "You never did a bad deed in your life; your conscience, surely, ought to be easy. We did our duty by you, too, in having you baptized in your infancy. Don't you remember that beautiful Honiton lace robe, which I have shown you, and which you wore on that occasion? Still, I hope you will be confirmed, and come to the communion-table with us. You are of age now, and have a mind of your own."

The mother, foolish as fond, said only what she really thought. She had never known her precious child to commit a really serious offence. And Martha was, in truth, a remarkably pure-minded girl; obedient, by nature, to proper influences; incapable of falsehood, malice, or meanness. She might have said with the young man who questioned Jesus—"All these have I kept from my youth up," and, like him, would she not have shrunk from any severe duty, had it been pressed upon her?

It is not always the poor and ignorant who are walled in from the light of heaven. Martha, reaching out for spiritual light, was so hedged about with luxury, self-love, praise, conventionality (conventional piety and all), that she was as blinded to the real nobility of living as the poor char-woman in her cellar.

She was beginning to ask herself if she were not made of much better stuff than the most of her neighbors, when Ralph Irving, who had come from the dining-room in time to hear her mother's remarks, drew an ottoman up by her chair, and commenced talking with her. The chandeliers had not yet been lighted in the parlors, and the rich, moon-lit twilight of out-doors mingled with the crimson firelight which flickered through the apartment. Martha felt a quiet emotion of peace and happiness stealing over her, as her cousin (so she sometimes affectionately called Ralph) remained by her side. Presently he spoke.

"So you have no sins to answer for?" he began, when the others had returned to their half-whispered conversation.

"Why, I suppose I must have some, mamma to the contrary notwithstanding. But if you were a father-confessor now, and I a fair penitent, I should hardly know where to begin."

"Let me be your father-confessor, and question you. Do you hate any one?"

"Oh, no, not a human being. No one loves their friends more earnestly than I. Even the servants have a portion of my affection."

"Because everybody loves and praises you. Nobody has given you reason to dislike them. 'But if ye love them that love you, what reward have you? do not publicans and sinners the same?' Are you covetous?"

"I believe I am incapable of so low a fault."

"Because you have every thing that heart can wish. If you, instead of being Martha Livingstone, were one of the pale, nervous seamstresses who sit and sew in your back chamber, do you think it might not be possible that you should sometimes envy the careless, happy, healthy, beautiful, beloved, and petted girl for whom you were toiling? Tell me, now, is it not true that you have naturally and unconsciously regarded yourself as fully worthy of all the good gifts which were yours—esteemed them yours, as a matter of course—looked upon yourself as a fine piece of porcelain entitled to immunity from the sufferings of common clay? Would you not doubt me, if I should say that many of the thin, and even sour-looking girls whom you favored with your patronage, were more really worthy of your place than yourself? Do not pout, cousin; I was just suggesting! Well, how is it about your temper? Are you perfectly amiable?"

"Tolerably so; not always. I am

not as meek as some milk-and-water people; but I do not think I shall ever make a scold."

"Take care! you can not tell! wait until you are tried. I think you *would* under some circumstances. Supposing you were sick, and still had to labor; had to sew, and cook, and sweep with a distracting headache in the midst of noise and coarseness; had to live contrary to all your tastes and inclinations; had to mate with rudeness when you loved refinement; or even had simply to sacrifice, day by day, your own time and wishes to the caprice of some whimsical household tyrant. Supposing you were found fault with when you were trying to please—were suspected when you were innocent. You see, Martha, your virtues are all negative. You are good because you have no excuse for being otherwise."

"I think you are extremely plain-spoken," answered the fair girl, as the proud, red blood rushed up into her cheek.

It was not the way she was usually addressed, and her self-love was injured. If she had a fault of disposition, it was in a sudden arrogance which at times spoke out in her looks and actions—the result of the system of laudation under which she had been reared.

"Perhaps you will be so kind as to point out my defects!"

"I see one of them now flashing in those blue eyes, Martha. Can not your temper stand even the small test I have applied?"

"Oh, cousin Ralph! you are so provoking. You always find fault with me, and no one else does it. I am really anxious to please you, and yet you are seldom pleased with me."

"Am I not?" he asked, taking and tenderly stroking her small, fair hand, looking into her face with eyes which would have told much to one more experienced in detecting feeling. "It is because I think so much of you, that I sometimes find fault. I want you to be all that you can be; and

your parents and friends are so selfishly fond of you, that they injure rather than develop your character. I would displease you for the sake of benefiting you. You have many sins of omission—more than of commission. If you could but see them, you would be something better than a vain and indulged child. The finer part of your nature is all asleep yet. What! tears? I did not mean to discourage you, dear cousin."

"I never expect to be as wise as you, Sir Ralph; I suppose I am nothing but a baby."

Even as she said this, half-pettishly, half-prettilly, the words floated back into her mind—"We are already entered into the spiritual world," and she believed that her companion was one of those who had that truth present with them, and who lived more for their souls' than their bodies' interests. She had often had a vague feeling, as she noted the undefinable brightness, the nameless beauty of expression which sometimes haunted his face, that she was "entertaining an angel unaware." Not that he was faultless in her eyes; but he was so different from her other acquaintance—young men and women too dainty and too miserably finnified for an original idea upon any subject, or a God-given emotion.

"You only need a little touch of sorrow or trouble to give you some real experience of life. I sometimes think that too much sunshine is not good for the growing flower. Shall I order a good, 'smart' rain-shower for you, Martha?"

She smiled as he spoke. Little did he foresee what a black storm was about to loom above her horizon. He would have prayed that it might pass over, and she be left even to her weakness, rather than to have her strength thus tried; he would have trembled lest the pure lily should break from the stem under the pressure of the driving tempest; he might have forgotten to trust the core which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

CHAPTER II.

"Around me life's hell of fierce ardors burns
When I come home, when I come home;
Over me heaven with her starry heart yearns,
When I come home, when I come home.
For the feast of God garnished, the palace of night
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.
London makes mirth; but I know God hears
The sobs i' the dark, and the dropping of tears;
For I feel that he listens down night's great dome—
When I come home, when I come home,
Far in the night when I come home."

GERALD MASSEY.

"It's of no use, mother."

Eleanor Strong said this, as she came in at nine o'clock at night, laid off her shawl and bonnet, and sat down by the table, with her head dropped into her hand. Her voice did not tremble, nor were there any tears in her eyes; she spoke in a common-place tone, neither angry or sad.

"What is it, my dear child?"

"I have lost my situation. You know what the prospects are of getting another at this time."

There was a moment's silence; and then her mother answered in a trembling voice.

"It is always so, Eleanor. There is nothing but unhappiness for us in this life. But I will not despond. O God, be merciful to us, for we have no other friend but Thee! How did it happen, Eleanor?"

"It's the hard times, I suppose. Mrs. Stanley said that she should not be able to keep a day-governess this winter; she should send the children to the public school. Besides, when she did have a governess again, she wanted one who could bring Amy further along with her music. O! mother it is such a drawback to me not to have a better musical education. I am now twenty-two, and I have never seen the time when I could pay for lessons or hire a piano, work as I would. All that I know, I picked up at chance opportunities."

"Your French ought to be worth something to you."

"I have made it a severe enough study, and paid a high enough price to my last master. But I am an American girl, and can not be

expected to have 'the accent.' If it were in ordinary times, I should not be so discouraged at losing this place—it was a miserable one at best; and it required all my fortitude to remain in it. If it had not been for you, dear mother, I should have run the risk long ago, and thrown up the engagement. Mrs. Stanley was so insulting, and the children so unbearable. But poor people have no business either with nerves or sensibilities—they were made for the vulgar rich to amuse themselves with. It is going to be a terrible winter for the poor, mother. It is a pitiable sight to see well and able men, willing to to work, but with nothing to do—gnawed by hunger, and ashamed to confess it. Wild beasts would be more generous to each other than man is to man; when the beast was gorged, it would allow its fellow the remainder of the feast. But these rich people study how to pamper their appetites, and then growl at the starving Lazarus who asks a crumb from their swill-buckets. I tell you, mother, I begin to hate the world!"

"Do not speak so bitterly, my child; it will distress me more than any thing else to find that your once loving and generous heart is becoming tainted with misanthropy. We are situated so that we see the darkest side of life. God has some good purpose in it. 'I was once young, and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Let us trust in these promises."

"Humph! such trust would bring us very quickly to the test. I honor God and the Bible, mother, but I have not the faith I once had. Life is too perplexing for me to understand its whys and wherefores. One thing I feel, that God permits some gross injustices in this world, and that they are never righted here. I shall *demand* to have them righted in the next—I shall ask my dues!"

"Eleanor!"

"You need not speak so reproach-

fully, mother. I have thought and thought, until I am weary of thinking. We are free-will agents, are we? yes, but how far? did I determine my own birth—the country or the city of it, the time or the circumstances? did I decide that I would take my chances as a poor girl struggling with misfortune, instead of being some rich man's pet? was it my free-will that I am impoverished and placed in these degraded associations? that my father was a drunkard, and died with the curse of his weakness resting upon the helpless heads of his children? I am at liberty to make the best of a bad bargain, I know, but do I not know that those things which I can not control, discriminate against me? I will not take the sole responsibility of my destiny in my own hands. If my naturally sunny temper is clouded by the storms of heaven, I shall expect God to hold me absolved from the consequences."

"Eleanor, you do not know what you are saying!"

"Yes, I do; I speak after long consideration. Do you know they are having a great revival of religion in this goodly city? Broken-down business men, and men who have nothing in particular to do, have taken time to think of the lying, forgery, cheating, speculation, and knavery which have engrossed them so completely during these past few years in which they have been getting rich and wicked. Their consciences are troubled. They imagine that God is wrath with them, and that He has brought on this financial crisis to confound them; that if they do not repent and be saved, He will follow up this first punishment with divers famines and pestilences. I do not wonder they shake in their shoes—the hypocrites!"

"I guess their own unchecked and grasping spirit of speculation has had more to do with the crisis, than any special Providence."

"Nearly all the churches which I passed on my way home, had their doors open for prayer. I heard the

groans of the sinners. I shall believe in the reality of their change of heart, when I see some of the wrongs of society righted—not before. This is a Christian community, is it not, mother? New York is full of costly churches; ay! and to-night the wind whistles coldly over the beds of the sick and starving. Prostitutes walk the streets—the brightest lights beam out from the dens of iniquity—licensed traps for unwearied young men; the illuminated billiard-room competes with the church which stands by its side. The wicked and selfish go to their downy beds; the laboring and the virtuous creep into their bundles of straw to shiver through the long hours of darkness. Good people, brave and long-suffering, like you, mother, who ought to be happy, are denied the simplest luxuries which are lavished upon the gross and indolent. I *do* feel bitter! To-night I gave a shilling to a man—a great, strong man, who asked it of me, a woman. He said he had children who had gone to bed supperless. I saw his face by the street-lamp, and I did not doubt it. ‘Girl!’ said he, ‘I love my little children; I would tear open my flesh and let them feast upon it, rather than see them sob themselves to sleep as they did this night.’ It is hard when one is willing to work, and can not have even that privilege. That man would not have begged for himself—I saw on his brow that he would not—but for those tender, blameless little ones! I do not see why the poor marry and have children! It is a wrong which I will never commit.” A faint blush came to the brow of the girl after saying this; perhaps she thought of some one whom she knew, noble, of congenial tastes, but also, like herself, a battler for the grudging necessities of life. “I have just three dollars left,” she continued, a moment after. “Not a very large sum to keep three persons perhaps all winter. We have a little coal, and our rent is paid for a month. We have been in worse straits before, so I shall take the mat-

ter coolly. To-morrow I shall go out and try and find some sewing.”

“Oh! dear Eleanor, you are not able to work with your needle for our support, even if you had plenty of employment. How I wish I had a sewing-machine! Then I should not be such a burden upon you, and perhaps you could do better for yourself. I’ve been thinking for these many days if there was not some arrangement which might be made, by which I could get the use of a machine. Couldn’t I rent one?”

“No, mother, you could not. Besides, you are far from able to work one if you had it. I wish you would not talk about helping yourself. It makes me miserable. You know that as long as I can earn a crust of bread, I shall not see you increase your illness by toil. These sewing-machines are another monopoly of the rich, and of man, for taking what little employment there is for woman away. How is a poor woman ever to be able to lay up a hundred dollars to buy a machine? No! rich employers may buy them, and make them do what they formerly hired ten girls to do; *that* is the way we are benefited! It may be, as Hood says;

—Not linen they’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives!”

Yet, as long as the needle is their only resource, why, they must e’en ply it, even if they do sew a stitch in their shroud with every shirt they make. Sewing-machines may be ‘a blessing,’ and all that, but it remains to be proven.” Eleanor arose and walked once or twice across the floor. Passing by a little cot which stood at the farther side of the room, she stooped and kissed the cheek of a child who was sleeping therein. “Constance is seven years old,” she said; “how I dread to have her grow up. She is happy and careless now, despite her privations. That reminds me I have a letter from Rosamund—how could I have forgotten it so long? I put it in my pocket to-day at Mrs. Stanley’s, for I did not wish to open it there.

Perhaps we will have some news from her which will cheer you up, mother."

"Do let us hear; I am so anxious about the child!"

"Your youngest and your fairest, mother, and yet so far away." (*Reads.*)

"MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER:—I have seen some dark days since I wrote to you last. You know how full of hope I was when I came to this far city to fill the situation which our kind friend obtained for me. The salary was so fine, that I had already built many air-castles—I hoped to be able to help my beloved mother so much, perhaps sometime to own a little, a very little, tiny home for her, and I, and Constance, and Eleanor, if *she were not married* by that auspicious day! But why do I speak of my castles? they are fallen as flat as usual. The hard times caused the suspension of the school for the present—the teachers were thrown out of employment without warning. You know that it took the last penny we could raise to bring me here. They paid me two weeks' wages, and turned me out upon this great and wicked city without a situation or a friend. What is worse, the family I have been boarding with, are going away, and then I shall be left unprotected in the worst city in the Union for a dependent girl. The fact that a young woman *earns her own living* is here received as *carte blanche* for insulting to any amount. O mother! what shall I do? my courage is fast failing me. I have procured, after exhausting my slender resources, and being in debt for a week's board, a place as teacher of English in a German school. The salary is so small that it just pays my board, which is very high here this winter. I took a piece of silk which I had, and covered my old bonnet, to make a school run-about of it. It looks very passable, but not fit to wear to church, and I do not expect to have another. But the worst is, I can not offer any help to my dear mother. Oh, my dear ones! how I wish I were with you to-night, even if you had not a crust of bread to share. I am so lonely, so friendless, and so far away! What shall I do, when I have to look out a new boarding-place! Dear mother, I can only do as you have bidden—place my trust in the Friend of the fatherless! Kiss Constance for me. I will write again in a few days. Forgive me for troubling you with my troubles, I can not bear them entirely alone.

Your

ROSAMUND."

"The gods help those who help themselves," say the wise men; but you see that all these prudent sayings

are but lies!" exclaimed Eleanor, throwing the letter upon the table, and again walking back and forth.

"There is my sister, as sweet and dutiful a girl as ever lived. We worked, you and I, mother, to educate her, that she might help herself; and she, ever since she was fifteen, for four years now, has taught and slaved in any situation she could get, high or low; worked faithfully until her health is almost ruined. Delicate as a flower, she has yet braved hardships; timid as a fawn, she has gone alone among thankless and exacting strangers; inclined to indolence by reason of her frail constitution, she has labored all day among turbulent children, and stolen to her lonely room in her boarding-house, at night, to study and improve every chance thrown in her way, that she might command more wages, sometime to divide with her sick mother. What is the reward of such courage, virtue, and industry? You see the frightful situation in which she is placed—which will not let us sleep nights for thinking of it. Even if she escapes from her present peril, what reward has she? The bloom of her young life is dropping away from her before it is yet expanded—the rose is withering in the bud. No eye shall see, no heart shall love, the beauty which *was not*, because the chill winds of adversity gave it no season to expand. I see arrogant misses pacing by me with proud steps, arrayed in an excess of finery, and poor Rosamund, after four years of hard work, has never bought her a silk dress, and can not afford a bonnet! A small grief, you will say, compared with others! Yes, but it adds to the sum total; and young girls have their fancies and their tastes to gratify. Do you wonder that I am growing hard?"

The tears now were coursing down her cheeks impetuously. She would not weep for herself, but the picture of her younger sister in such straits had stricken the rock of her resolve.

"No, Eleanor," said her mother,

tenderly; "I do not wonder. I have been through all those phases of feeling, for the days of my suffering have been longer than yours. Out of very wretchedness I have been cast back again and again to the feet of my Saviour. Many times I should have gone mad, if I had not sat myself down persistently to the study of God's promises, and fixed my mind upon them. What else, think you, gives me strength to bear up still? I only await the call of God to hasten joyfully out of this world, which has been planted so thickly with thorns for me. My nights are wretched and my days wearisome. Physical and mental suffering release not their hold upon me. Once I looked forward to seeing my children happy, and now I can only commit them to Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. O God, be merciful! protect my children. The time never was when all my family were so badly situated, yet surely, we have seen many dark days. There is a fate hanging over us. I feel myself, my dear child, in a measure, entirely changed. I have endured so much, seen so much heartlessness. I am prouder and yet humbler than I ever was before—I care not for the judgment of man upon my actions. My heart prays constantly, God be merciful; teach me my duty; help me to do it!"

"Dear mother, I am sorry I fretted so much this evening, for I am afraid I have spoiled your night's rest. Did you have any tea this evening? I was afraid the tea was gone, and then I knew how much worse your headache would be. Will you go to bed now?"

Eleanor brought her mother's night-dress and warmed it, put a heated brick at the foot of the bed, which stood in a small room opening out of the larger one, and tried, with many affectionate devices, to make things appear more comfortable than they really were. When her mother had retired, she again sat herself down by the table, and remained for some

time in a musing attitude. The flickering light of a single candle fell upon her face. She pushed the hair back from her broad, white forehead, as if its touch oppressed her. The face was a fine one—not beautiful; the nose was handsome; the mouth expressed sensibility; the lips were mobile enough to adapt themselves to many characteristics; the eyes were a dark gray, at present clouded with defiant thoughts, but capable, no doubt, of softness and brilliancy. Presently she took, from a drawer beneath the table, her diary, and rapidly indited a page; then turning the leaves, looked here and there into its records.

"*March 20, '53.* My birthday. How have I spent it? Sewing upon shop-work. Took it home and could get no pay until next week. Thank God, the winter is past! and if we live to see another, may it be under such circumstances as shall prevent cold and hunger. It is well for us to-night, that the weather is only damp and chilly, for we have not a stick of wood, nor a piece of coal. It is Saturday, and there is nothing in the house to eat but a few withered apples. And dear mother, so ill and delicate as she is! When shall I get another situation as teacher? I look for brighter days, now that Rosamund has found a school. We feared she was so childish-looking that no one would accept her. I will amuse myself by drawing off in my journal this little account—I may want to refer to it in that 'good time coming' to all brave hearts, according to prophets.

D. D. & Co.		Dr.
For making 4 linen vests, at 25 cts.		1.00
" " 1 satin " "		50
" " 1 cassimere " "		25
" " 3 prs. " pants, at 3s.		1.12
" " 15 " summer " at 1s. 6d.		2.81
" " 12 " overalls, at 12 cts.		1.44
" " 10 linen coats, at 25 cts.		2.50
" " 15 prs. pants, at 15 cts.		2.25
" " 3 coarse shirts, at 9 cts.		27
		<hr/> \$12.14
By work thrown back on hands,		1.80
		<hr/> \$10.34

For 10 coarse shirts,	90
" 6 shirts, with linen bosoms,	1.12
" 1 fine vest (marseilles),	38
	<hr/>
	\$12.71
D. D. & Co. (by grocer).	Cr.
By 2 lbs. sugar (coarse-brown),	16
" 4 " butter,	1.20
" bread tickets, (10)	60
" mackerel (very poor),	85
" 6 papers coffee,	90
" 8 pecks potatoes (20 cts. each),	1.60
" salt fish,	35
" 11 lbs. candles,	28
" lemons and white sugar,	60
" 2 mackerel,	38
" 20 lbs. flour,	1.20
" 1 chicken,	40
" 16 eggs,	25
" 6 lbs. sugar,	54
" Tea and tea-pot,	1.25
" cartage of package (small),	50
" 1 ham,	1.65
	<hr/>
	\$12.71

Working at the miserable rates we do, we still can not have any money; these slop-shops have an arrangement with petty groceries, where we must go and pay the highest prices for inferior articles. O God! prevent me, that my soul rise not up and curse the injustice of our employers. They go to church and thank Thee that they are not as other men—they grind the faces of the poor. But I must cease to feel or think, or I shall lose all the peace of heart I have struggled to attain."

Again she turned the leaves.

"*July*—'54. What a glorious night. The stars burn like the eyes of seraphs. Oh, if I were in the country now! if I could step into the dewy grass, smell the new-mown hay, the fragrant clover, watch the dark trees wave against the sky, as I did when a child—when I was happy.—

'Before I knew the woes of want,
Or the walk that costs a meal.'

This evening I came home from my duties as a day-governess with an unusually light and happy heart. I sprang, singing, over the threshold. Mother gave me a letter. It was from my eldest sister, Annie, telling us that she was a widow. What will

she and her little girl do now? I suppose she will have some property coming to her, for her husband was in a very good business. I wish her child had been a boy! Orphan girls have no business in this world. Poor, heart-broken Annie!"

Once more she read:

"*Oct. 12, '55.* Rosamund is sick, and obliged to give up work for awhile. Little Constance is with us. Her mother is trying to get some kind of a settlement; but her husband's partner has cheated her out of the last dollar. She, too, will have to work for her living—she, who has known what it was to have a home of her own, a husband to provide for her, and a circle of society in which to move. Well, God is our friend; let men rob and persecute us as they will. I do not fear, as long as I can throw my burden upon Him."

She shut the book. "I have not so much faith now," she murmured. "I must read a little before I can sleep to-night."

Taking up a small volume of poems, on the fly-leaf of which was inscribed, "Eleanor Strong, from Martin Morris." It was Mrs. Howe's "Passion Flowers," and she read in a low tone that thrilling poem, "From Newport to Rome," beginning:

"Ye men and women of the world,
Whom purple garments soft enfold;
I've moved among you from my youth,
Decorous, dutiful, and cold.

"God granted me these sober hues,
This quiet brow, this passive face,
That inner fires might deeply glow
Unguess'd within the frigid vase.

"Constrain'd to learn of you the arts
Which half dishonor, half deceive,
I've felt my burning soul flash out
Against the silken web you weave." &c. &c.

If I could express myself like that woman, I should have some things to throw in the face of the world," muttered Eleanor, as she closed the book, and leaning her head upon her hand, remained a length of time in a reverie, too silent and absorbed to be broken even by a sigh. Then, slowly and listlessly, she prepared for sleep.

(To be continued.)

"NOW I LAY ME."

THE dreamy night draws nigh;
Soft delicious airs breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours.

The moon is high;
See yonder tiny cot,
The lattice deck'd with vines—a tremulous
ray
Steals out to where the silver moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not!

Within, two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasp'd softly, and a brow
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands
now

Of joys and sighs
For the swift-coming years.
Two rosy lips with innocent worship part:
List! be thou saint or skeptic—if thou art,
Thou must have ears:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Doth it not noiseless ope
The very flood-gates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee for her sweet sake,

Who, with strong hope,
Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper, "Now I lay me," o'er and o'er?
And thou did'st kneel upon the sanded floor—
Forget them not!

Then many a festive hall
Where dancing light and flashing glances vie,
And, madd' in splendor, mirth mads revelry—
Soft voices call

On the light-hearted throngs
To sweep the harp-strings, and to join the
dance.

The careless girl starts lightly, as, perchance,
Amid the songs,

The merry laugh, the jest,
Come to her vision songs of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmur'd low,
Before her rest,

That single infant's prayer.
Once more at home she lays her jewels by,
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy
eye,

And kneeling there,
With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling
rings,

The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by;

Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of Heaven
That all her sins through Christ may be for-
given,

Then comes the prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head
Perhaps upon a fallen comrade dead,
Scorns not to yield
To the sweet memories of his childhood's
hour,

When fame was barter'd for a crimson flower.
The statesman gray,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honors while his memory weaves
A picture of that home, 'mid woods and
streams,

Where hoary mountains caught the sun's
first beams,

A cabin rude—the wide fields glistening,
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening,
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest;
But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart;
"Now say your prayer, my son, before we
part;"

And clasping his great hands—a child once
more—

Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war—
Thou hear him pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

LOST AT SEA.

BY MRS. FRANCES F. BARRITT.

"Who lent you, love, your mortal dower?"

A FLEET set sail upon a summer sea—
'Tis now so long ago;
I look no more to see my ships come home;
But in that fleet sail'd all 't was dear to me.

The waves ne'er bore such precious freight
as these

Please God, to any woe;
And all my merchantmen may ride the foam
Secure from danger in some unknown seas.

But they have left me bankrupt on life's
'Change,

And daily I bestow
Regretful tears upon the blank account,
And with myself my losses re-arrange.

Oh, ruthless wind of fate, dost hold my dower
Where I may never know?
Of all the treasure lent it, what amount
Will the sea send to soothe my parting
hour?

CHILDHOOD.

SHE felt a mother-want about the world,
And still went seeking, like a bleating lamb
Left out at night, in shutting up the fold,
As restless as a nest-deserted bird,
Grown chill through something being away,
Though what it knows not.—BROWNING.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

IN a recent discussion on the subject, it was suggested as an argument in favor of a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister, that in such a case he would have but one mother-in-law. The general laugh which greeted this remark, proved how strong is the prejudice against that luckless relationship, upon which has been immemorably expended all the sarcasm of the keen-witted, all the pointless abuse of the dull.

Dare any bold writer, taking the injured and unpopular side, venture a few words in defense of the mother-in-law?

Unfortunate individual! the very name presents her, in her received character, to the mental eye. A lady, stout, loud-voiced, domineering; or thin, snappish, small, but fierce, prone to worrying and lamenting. Either so overpoweringly genteel and grand, that "my son's wife," poor little body, shrinks into a trembling nobody by her own fireside! or so vulgar, that "my daughter's 'usband" finds it necessary politely to ignore her, as she does her h's and her grammar.

These two characters, slightly varied, constitute the prominent idea current of a mother-in-law. How it originated is difficult to account for; and why a lady, regarded as harmless enough until her children marry, should immediately after that event be at once elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness.

Books, perhaps, may be a little to blame for this, as in the matter of step-mothers—and surely that author is to blame, who, by inventing an unpleasant generalized portrait, brings under opprobrium a whole class. Thus Thackeray may have done more harm than he was aware of to many a young couple who find "the old people" rather trying, as old folks will be, by his admirably painted, horrible, but happily exceptional character of "Mrs. Mackenzie." He does not reflect that his silly "Rosie," as well as the married wives among these indignant couples, might in time have

grown up to be themselves mothers-in-law.

But that is quite another affair. Mrs. Henry, weeping angry tears over her little Harry, because the feeding and nurturing of that charming child has been impertinently interfered with by Henry's mother, never looks forward to a day when she herself might naturally feel some anxiety over the bringing up of Harry's eldest born. Mr. Jones beginning to fear that Mrs. Jones's maternal parent haunts his house a good deal, and has far too strong an influence over dear Cecilia, never considers how highly indignant he should feel if Mrs. Jones and himself were to be grudged hospitality by missy's future spouse—little, laughing, fondling missy, whom he somehow cannot bear to think of parting with, at any time, to any husband whatsoever; nay, is conscious that should the hour and the man ever arrive, papa's first impulse toward the hapless young gentleman would be a strong desire to kick him down stairs.

Thus, as the very foundation of right judgment in this, as in many questions, it is necessary to put oneself mentally on the obnoxious side.

Few will deny that the crisis of parenthood when its immediate pleasures are ceasing—and however sufficient it is to the elders, they are no longer so to the youngsters, already beginning to find the nest too small, to plume their wings, and desire to fly—must be a very trying time for all parents. Bitter exceedingly to the man whose wedlock has turned out less happy than it promised, and between whom the chief bond that remains is the children. Nor without its pain even to the most united couple, who, through all the full years of family cares and delights, have had resolution enough to anticipate the quiet empty years, when, all the young ones having gone away, they two must once more be content solely with one another. Happy indeed that father and mother whose conjugal love has so kept its prior place that they are not afraid even of this—the peaceful, shadowy time before they

both pass away into the deeper peace of eternity.

Nevertheless, the first assumption of their new position is difficult. Young people do not sufficiently consider how hard it must be for a fond mother to lose, at once and forever, her office as primary agent in her son's welfare, if not his happiness; to give him over to a young lady, whom perhaps she has seen very little of, and that little is not too satisfactory. For young people in love will be selfish, and foolish, and neglectful of old ties in favor of the new; and almost every young man, prior to his marriage, contrives, without meaning it, to wound his own relations in a thousand insignificant things, every one of which is reflected back upon his unlucky betrothed, producing an involuntary jealousy, a tenaciousness about small slights, a cruel quick-sightedness over petty faults. All this is bitterly hard for the poor young stranger in the family; unless, having strength and self-control enough to remember that "a good son makes a good husband," she can still her influence, even in courtship, to keep him firm to his affection and duty. Also, her own claim to be, although the higher and closer, the more tender, the more dearly she loves him, the more careful she will be, by no intrusion of rights sufficiently obvious, to jar against the rights or wound the feelings of others who love him—especially his mother, who has loved him all her life.

Surely this fact alone ought to make every young woman, generously and warmly attached to her husband, feel peculiar tenderness toward the woman who bore him, nursed him, cherished him, if a woman in any way tolerable or worthy of love. Even if not, her disagreeableness ought to be viewed more leniently than those of other people. She must have had so much to bear with—as the younger generation will find out when the third generation arrives. Nay, the common cares and sufferings of mere maternity might well be sufficient, in another mother's eyes, to constitute an unalienable claim of re-

spect, due from herself toward "grand-mamma."

"But," says the incredulous reader, "this is a purely ideal view of the subject. Practically, what can you do with the old lady who comes worrying you in your domestic affairs, criticising your housekeeping, dictating to you about the management of your nursery, finally cutting you to the heart by hinting that you don't take half care enough of 'that poor dear fellow, who never looks so well as he did before he was married.'"

Yes, poor dear girl! it must be owned you have a good deal to bear on your side also.

Daughters and sons-in-law being always expected to be perfect—the daughter or son by blood being of course naturally so in the parental eyes—causes of necessity a few painful disenchantments on the part of the mother-in-law. She forgets that she must take her share of the difficulties which are sure to arise, so long as human beings are a little less than angels, and earth is not a domestic paradise. She had best early reconcile herself to the truth—painful, yet just and natural—that she has no longer the first right to her child. When once a young pair are married, parents, as well as relatives, *must* leave them to make the best of one another. They two are bound together indissolubly, and no interference of a third party can ever mend what is irremediable; while even in things remediable, any strong external influence is quite as likely to do harm as good.

A wife, be she ever so young, ignorant, or foolish, *must* be sole mistress in her husband's house, and not even her own parents or his have any business to interfere with her, more than by an occasional opinion, or a bit of affectionate counsel, which is often better not given till asked for.

And in the strangeness, the frequent solitude, the countless difficulties of newly married life, no doubt this would be eagerly sought for, had it not been overmuch intruded at first. A

girl, taken out of her large, merry family, to spend long, lonely days in an unfamiliar house, be it ever so dear; or entering, inexperienced, upon all sorts of family cares, would frequently be thankful to her very heart for the wisdom and kindness of a new mother, if only the mother had early taken pains to win that confidence which, to be given, requires winning. For neither love nor trust comes by instinct; and in most of these connections by marriage, where the very fact of strangers being suddenly brought together, and desired to like one another, obstinately inclines them the other way—this love and trust, if long in coming, frequently never comes at all. Very civil may be the outward relations of the parties, but heart-warmth is not there. It is always “my husband’s family”—not “my family;” “my daughter’s husband,” or “my son’s wife”—never “my son” and “my daughter.” The loving patriarchal union, which both sides, elder and younger, ought at least to strive to attain, becomes first doubtful, then hopeless, then impossible.

One secret, original cause of this is, the faculty most people have of seeing their rights a great deal clearer than their duties. About these “rights” there are always clouds rising; and one of the prominent causes of disunion is often that which ought to be the very bond of union—the grandchildren.

Now, if a woman has a right on earth, it certainly is to the management of her own children. She would not be half a woman if in that matter she submitted to anybody’s advice or opinion contrary to her own; or if in all things concerning that undoubted possession, “my baby,” she were not as fierce as a tigress, and as hard as a rock. One could forgive her any rebellion or indignation at unwarrantable interference from her mother-in-law, or even her own mother. And with justice, for if she have any common sense at all, she may, with less experience, have as clear practical judgment as grandmamma, whose wisdom belongs to a past generation, and whose

memory may not be quite accurate as to the times when she was young. Yet if the daughter-in-law has any right feeling, she will always listen patiently, and be grateful and yielding to the utmost of her power. Nay, there will spring up a new sympathy between her and the old lady, to whom every new baby-face may bring back a whole tide of long-slumbering recollections—children grown up and gone away, children undutiful or estranged—or, lastly, little children’s graves. The most irritable and trying of mothers-in-law is a sight venerable and touching, as she sits with “the baby” across her knees, gossiping about “our children” of forty years ago.

But, speaking of rights, the wife has limits even to hers. Surely the “primal elder curse” must rest upon the woman who voluntarily or thoughtlessly tries to sow division between her husband and his own flesh and blood—above all, between him and his mother. And putting aside the sin of it, what a poor, jealous coward must she be—how weak in her own love, how distrustful of his, who fears lest any influence under heaven—least of all those holy, natural ties which are formed by Heaven—should come between her and the man who has chosen her for his wife—his very other self; and whom, if he be at all a good man, he never will think of comparing or making a rival with any other; because she is not another—she is himself.

On the other hand, a man who, however low in station or personally distasteful may be his wife’s relations, tries to wean her from them, exacting for himself her sole and particular devotion, to the breaking of the secondary bonds, of which the higher bond ought to make both husband and wife only more tenacious and more tender—such a one is grievously to blame. People may laugh at, and sympathize with, the unfortunate victim of “Mother-in-law Spike;” but he is certainly a more respectable personage than the “gentleman” who, driving in his carriage with his wife and son, passes an old woman

—the boy's grandmother, crawling wearily along the hot, dusty road—passes her without recognition. Or the other gentleman—living respectably, even handsomely—who takes a deal of benevolent pains to solicit among his friends and acquaintance votes for admission to an almshouse for—though he does not exactly call her so—"my wife's mother."

It is a curious fact, subversive of the theories of novelists, that mothers-in-law of sons generally "get on" with them far better than with their daughters-in-law. While it is no unfrequent thing to see instances of a man's being kindly, even affectionately, attached to his wife's mother, and she to him—almost any of us could count on our fingers the cases we know where a daughter-in-law is really a daughter to her parents by marriage. Some cause for this is the difference of sex; no man and woman in any relation of life, except the conjugal one, being ever thrown together so wholly and so intimately as to discover one another's weak points in the manner women do. Consequently, one rarely hears of a lady being at daggers-drawing with her father-in-law. She is usually on the civillest, friendliest terms with him; and he often takes in her a pride and pleasure truly paternal. For truly, women who are charming to men are common enough; a far safer test of true beauty of character is it that a woman should be admired and loved *by women*. It would save half the family squabbles of a generation, if the young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their lovers, in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law.

But the husband himself has often much to answer for. When with the blindness and selfish pride of possession natural to a man—and a man in love—he brings his new idol into his old home, and expects all the family to fall down and worship her, why, they naturally object to so doing. They cannot be expected to see her with his eyes. They may think her a very nice

girl, a very likeable girl, and if left alone would probably become extremely fond of her in time, in a rational way; but every instinctive obstinacy of human nature revolts from compelled adoration. Heaven forbid that a man should not love, honor, and cherish his own wife, and take her part against all assaulters, if needful, be they of his own flesh and blood; but one of the greatest injuries a man can possibly do his wife is to be always exacting for her more love than she has had time to win—always showing her forth as a picture of perfection, while common eyes see her only as an ordinary woman, blest with the virtues and faults which women can so quickly detect in one another. The kindest, wisest, most dignified course for any young husband, on bringing his wife home, is to leave her there, trusting her to make her way, and take her own rightful position, by her own honorable deserts.

A man has ordinarily little time or inclination to quarrel with his mother-in-law. The thousand little irritations constantly occurring between women who do not suit one another, yet are trying hard to keep on good terms for appearance or duty's sake, are ridiculous trifles which he cannot understand at all. Better he should not. Better the wife should keep her little troubles to herself, and be thankful that on his side he is well disposed to be tolerant toward grandmamma. Grandmamma, on her part, not unfrequently likes her son-in-law extremely, asks his advice, is proud of his success in life; and though thinking, of course, that he is not quite good enough for her darling child—as indeed the Angel Gabriel and the Admirable Crichton rolled into one scarcely would have been—still she has a very considerable amount of respect for him, and kindly feeling toward him.

If she has not, and shows her want of it, she is the unkindest, most dangerous mother that any married woman can be afflicted with. If by word or insinuation she tries to divide those whom God has joined together—if she

is so mad as to believe she shall benefit her daughter by degrading her daughter's husband—truly this mother-in-law, cherishing a dislike upon unjust grounds, deserves any retribution that may reach her. Even for just cause, such an antipathy is a fatal thing.

And here we come to one of the most painful phases of this subject, one of the sharpest agonies that woman's nature can endure—that is, when a mother-in-law has to see her child, son or daughter, unworthily mated, forced to wear out life, to die a slow daily death in the despair of that greatest curse upon earth, an ill-assorted marriage.

One can conceive, in such a case, the motherly heart being stung into direct hatred for the cause of such misery—nay, bursting at times into the rage of a wild beast compelled to witness the torture of its young. This mother-passion, as helpless as hopeless, must be, of its kind, distinct from any other human wretchedness; and under its goading almost any outbreak of indignation or abhorrence would be comprehensible—nay, pardonable. To have to sit still, and see a heartless woman tormenting the life out of one's own beloved son, for whom nothing was too noble and precious; or a brutal husband breaking the heart of a tender daughter, to whom, ere her marriage, no living creature ever said a harsh or unkind word—this must be terrible indeed to bear. And yet it has to be borne again and again. God comfort these unhappy mothers-in-law! Their sufferings are sharp enough to make amends for the wickedness of a hundred Mrs. Mackenzies.

Yet until the last limit, the only safe course for them is to endure, and help their children to endure. Cases do arise, and a wise legislature has lately provided for them, when righteousness itself demands the dissolution of an unrighteous marriage; when a man is justified before heaven and earth in putting away his wife; and the counsel, "Let not the wife depart from her husband," is rendered nugatory by circum-

stances which entail sacrifices greater than any woman has a right to make, even to her husband. Every one must have known such instances, where the law of divorce becomes as sacred and necessary as that of marriage. But such melancholy unions are, thank God, the exception, not the rule, in this our land, and form no justification for the machinations of bad mothers-in-law. Therefore let them, in all minor troubles, practice patience, courage, hope. If, according to the apostle—who wrote on the subject with that wide, calm observation which sometimes seizes on a truth more clearly than does one-sided experience—the unbelieving husband may be converted by the believing wife, and *vice versa*, who knows but that a harsh husband, a neglectful wife, may sometimes be won over to better things, by the quiet dignity, the forbearance, the unceasing loving-kindness, of a good, generous mother-in-law?

Let us take her in one last phase in her long life—it must have been a sufficiently long one—and these few words concerning her are ended.

There arrives oftentimes a season when the sharpest, most intolerable mother-in-law, becomes harmless; when a chair by the fireside, or a bed-ridden station in some far-away room, constitutes the sole dominion from which she can exercise even the show of rule or interference. Thence, the only change probable or desirable will be to a narrower pillow, where the gray head is laid down in peace, and all the acerbities, infirmities, or futurities of old age are buried tenderly out of sight, under the green turf that covers "dear grand-mamma."

Then, and afterward, blessed are those sons and daughters, by blood or marriage, who, during her lifetime, so acted toward her that her death lays upon them no burden of bitter remembrance. And blessed is she who, living, lived so that her memory is hallowed by all her children alike, and who is remembered by them only as "mother"—never, even in name, as "mother-in-law."

PASSAGES FROM THE MARRIED LIFE OF ELEANOR HOMES.

BY ALICE CARY.

A GOOD many years ago I fell in love and was married.

"How did it happen?"

Why, how does it ever happen? "I doubt if the sagest philosopher of them all could explain how the like happened unto him, and therefore it were presumptuous to expect a woman to make luminous so great a mystery."

"You think a woman might understand her own heart, even though a philosopher might fail to?"

"Audacious! Don't you know that women shine faintly at best, and by reflection?"

"Really, I don't know. I never thought about it."

"Many women never do, and pass through life without ever being sufficiently grateful for the blessings they are permitted to enjoy. However, I believe the minds of the sexes are wholly dissimilar, even when of equal power. Women *know* more, but *acquire* less than men; they do not investigate and analyze, and infer and conclude—their inferences and conclusions are independent of any process of reasoning. Since the beginning of time nature has said of every one of them—

"This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own."

And if each were permitted to follow her instincts, and rely upon her intuitions, there would not be among us so many miserable bewailings. All women have more or less genius—which, after all, is simply power of suspending the reasoning and reflecting faculties, and suffering the light which, whatever it be, is neither external nor secondary, to flow in. But I proposed to tell a story, and repeat, I fell in love, and was married.

"Did I really love?"

I suppose so; indeed I am quite certain, from intimations now and then received, that it was one phase of that capability which lives under wrinkles

and gray hairs, in all the freshness of youth. But it is difficult to define the exact limit of positive love—it shades itself by such fine gradations into pity and passion, friendship and phrensy. The state of feeling I fell into was none of these latter, I am quite sure, and yet I should be loth to affirm it was that condition of self-abnegation which admits of no consideration aside from the happiness of the object beloved; for, if I remember rightly, there came to me at rare intervals some visions of my own personal interests and pleasures. And yet I had no hesitancy in pledging myself to love, honor, and obey, because I had no idea that these pledges conflicted with the widest liberty. Was not he to whom I should make these pledges a most excellent and honorable gentleman, who would have no requirement to prefer at variance with my wishes? To be sure he was. Did he not always prefer my pleasure to his own, or rather have no pleasure but mine? So he was pleased to say, and for my part, I never doubted it.

We took long moonlight walks together—talked sentiment, of course—read poetry, and now and then quarreled prettily about the shade of a rose, or the penciling of a tulip, and interspersed our discourse with allusions to our cottage that was to be. Should it be smothered in trees, or open to the sun?

"Just as you prefer, my dear."

"Oh, no, darling! it shall all be just as you say."

Could I have a pot of geraniums and a canary bird to brighten my cottage window?

"A thousand of them," if I chose, but my own self would be the grace that graced all other graces—the beautifier of every beauty beside.

What should our recreations be? That was an absurd question, and soon dismissed. The introduction of a foreign element would never be necessary into society so perfect as we two should compose.

So we were married—never having exchanged a single thought concerning

the great duties and responsibilities of life—I, for my part, having no slightest conception of the homely cares and ingenious planning; of the fearing and hoping, patience, forbearance, and endurance, that must needs make a part of life's drama, wherever enacted.

The bridal veil was never looked through after the bridal day; consequently the world took another coloring before very long. I must be allowed to say I was not yet twenty, as some extenuation of the follies I should have been ashamed of, even then, and must also relate some little incidents and particulars of my married life that gave ineffaceable colors to my maturer mind and character.

My husband's name was Henry Doughty—Harry, I used to call him, partly because the designation pleased him, and partly because I entertained a special dislike for the name of Doughty. I gave a much better one away for it, however.

My maiden name was Homes—Eleanor Homes—Nellie, they called me among my friends, before I was married; afterward, when the novelty of calling me *Mrs. Doughty* was over, they said *poor Nell*.

We had not been an hour from church—my bridesmaids were about me, among them my haughty sister Katharine, who had not very cordially received her new relative. Some one rallied me on my promise to obey, and asked Mr. Doughty how he proposed to enforce my obligation.

"Oh, after this sort," he replied gayly, brandishing the little switch-cane he was playing with about my shoulder. I turned carelessly, and the point of it struck my eye.

"It was your own fault!" was his first exclamation. The pain of the wound was intense, but it was the harsh words that made the tears come. I was frightened when I saw them, for I felt that it was an awful impropriety to cry then and there, and putting by all proffered remedies as though the little accident were quite unworthy of attention, I smiled, nay, even affected to

laugh, and said it was solely and entirely my own foolish fault, and moreover, that I always cried on like occasions—not, of course, on account of any suffering, but owing to a nervous susceptibility I could not overcome.

Katherine, meantime, to augment the criminality of the offense, was proffering various medicines; among them, she brought me at this juncture a towel, wet with, I know not what.

"Take it away again," said Mr. Doughty, "nothing I so much dislike as nervous susceptibility—pray don't encourage it."

Katherine would not speak, but she replied by a very significant look, and, to conciliate both, I accepted the towel, but did not apply it to the wounded eye—swollen and red by this time to an unsightly degree; in truth, I was afraid to do so. My sensations were certainly new, as I thus trifled with my afflictions, forcing myself even to make pitiable advances toward my offender, in the hope of winning him to some little display of tenderness, for the sake of appearances wholly, for I was not in the mood to receive them appreciatively just then. I was singularly unfortunate, however, and might have spared myself the humiliation.

I had succeeded, in some sort, in reviving my spirits, for it is hard to dampen the ardor of a young woman on her wedding-day, when my enthusiasm received another check. I was sitting at the window, that I might find some excuse for my occasional abstraction in observation, and also keep the wounded eye away from the company. Happening once to change my position, my husband said to me: "Keep your face to the window, my dear madam, your ridiculous applications have made your eye really shocking!"

"Why, Harry!" I said—if I had taken time to think, I would not have said any thing, but the unkindness was so obvious it induced the involuntary exclamation, and everybody saw that I felt myself injured.

By some sisterly subterfuge Kate de-

coyed me into her own room, where my husband did not take occasion to seek me very soon. When he did so, he patted my cheek and said half-playfully, "I have come to scold you, Nell."

My heart beat fast—he had felt my absence, then, and was come with some tender reproach. I began to excuse myself, when he interrupted me with an exclamation of impatience. He was sorry to find me so impetuous and *womanish*—exhibitions of any emotion, but more specially of tender emotion, were in bad taste. I must manage in some way to control my impulses, and also to discriminate—he was always pleased to be called Harry, when we were alone, but in miscellaneous company a little more formality was usual!

"Your name is not so beautiful," I replied angrily, "that you should want to hear it unnecessarily."

He elevated his eyebrows a little, and smiled one of his peculiar smiles, never too sweet to be scornful.

I hid my face in my sister's pillow, and almost wished I might never lift it up.

Seeing me shaken with suppressed sobs, he bent over me and kissed my forehead much as we give a child a sugar-plum after having whipped it, and left me with the hope that I would compose myself, and not wrong my beauty by such ill-timed tears!

Excellent advice, but not very well calculated to aid me in its execution. Many times after that I wronged such poor beauty as I brought to him, by my ill-timed tears.

The story of the accident, and of my crying on my wedding-day, went abroad with many exaggerations, and my husband gave me to understand, without any direct reference to any thing that had taken place, that I had unnecessarily brought reproach upon him. It had been arranged that we were to live at home a year; my parents—foolish old folks! could not bear the thought of giving me up at once—as if the hope to make all things as they were, were not utterly useless, after I had once given myself up.

The experiment proved a delusion—empty of comfort to all parties concerned; and here let me say, that if two persons, when they are once married, cannot find happiness with each other, no third party can in any wise mend the matter.

I think now if there had been no one to strengthen my obstinacy, and hinder such little conciliations as, unobserved, I might have proffered, our early differences might have been healed over without any permanent alienation.

However well two persons may have known each other before marriage, the new relation develops new characteristics, and necessitates a process of assimilation, difficult under the most genial circumstances.

Of course my family took my part, whether or not I was in the right, and thus sustained I took larger liberties, sometimes, than it was wise to take—trifled and played with all my husband's predilections—called them whimsies, if I noticed them, but for the most part affected an unconsciousness of their existence. For instance, I had a foolish habit of turning through books and papers in a noisy way, which I persevered in rather in consequence of his admonitions than in spite of them.

One night he did not come home at the usual time. I grew impatient, uneasy, and at last, in spite of Kate's sneer, took my station at the window to watch for him: in a minute or two thereafter he came up the walk. I opened the door and my arms at the same time, crying, "How glad I am!"

"What for?" he said, gliding past me in his quiet way.

"Are you not glad?" I inquired, determined not to be put out of humor for once; my best feelings had been really stirred.

"Certainly," he answered, seating himself in the corner opposite to me, and opening the evening paper. "I am glad to get home. I am very tired."

He did not once look at me as he said this, and Kate completed my discomfort by saying—

"Well, I suppose Nell is blessed enough to be permitted to look upon you, even in the distance. She used to have a little spirit, but I believe marriage has crushed even that out of her."

"Humph!" said my husband.

"What do you find interesting in the paper to-night?" I said, determined to enforce some attention by way of triumph over Kate. He made a motion which deprecated interruption, and taking a new novel from his pocket, threw it into my lap.

"Milk for babes!" said Kate sarcastically. I said nothing, and she went on provokingly: "Take your plaything away, child, and don't make a bit of noise with it."

Here was a happy suggestion. I had failed in my effort to be agreeable. I would be disagreeable now to my heart's content. I was at some pains to find an old pair of jagged scissors, and having found them, I seated myself at my husband's elbow, and began to saw open the leaves of my book, with the double purpose of annoying him and convincing Kate that I had some spirit left yet.

Now and then I glanced toward him to see if his brows were not knitting, and the angry spot rising in his cheek, but to my surprise and vexation I saw no manifestation of annoyance—he read on apparently completely absorbed, and wearing a smile on his face—a little too fixed, perhaps, to be quite spontaneous.

So I went on to the last leaf, cutting and ruffling as noisily as I could, but I had only my trouble for my pains—he did not lift his eyes toward me for an instant.

When Kate left us alone, I felt exceedingly uncomfortable—for I had felt my behavior countenanced by her presence. After all, I thought, presently, my husband is perhaps quite unconscious of any effort on my part to annoy him; but whether he were so or not, my best course, I concluded, would be to affect unconsciousness of it myself. Thus resolved, I yawned, naturally I thought, and, as if impul-

sively, threw down the book—took the paper from his hand with a wifely privilege, and seated myself on his knee. He suffered me to sit there, but neither smiled nor spoke.

"Why don't you say something to me?" I was reduced to ask at length.

"What shall I say?"

"Why, something sweet, to be sure."

"Well, sugar-candy—is that sweet enough?"

"What a provoking wretch you are!" I cried, flying out of the room in hot haste.

I hoped he would forbid my going, or call me back, but he did neither.

After some tears, and a confidential interview with Kate, that made me more angry with her and with myself than with my husband, I returned and found him quietly lolling in the easy-chair, and eating an apple!

As time went by, Kate's arrogance and insolence toward Mr. Doughty became insupportable—twenty times I quarreled with her, taking his part stoutly against her accusations. One evening, after one of these accustomed disputations, my husband said to me—

"Nell, we must take a house of our own; I can't live in this atmosphere any longer."

"Why can't you?" I knew why, well enough.

"I don't like your sister Kate."

"Does she poison the atmosphere, my dainty sir?"

"Yes."

Of course I flew into a rage and defended Kate with all my powers. She was my own good sister then, and had done every thing to make the house pleasant which it was possible for her to do—I would like to know who would please him.

"You, my dear," he replied.

The end of the matter was, I refused to go away from my father's house with him; said I would not be deprived of the little comfort I now had in the sympathy of, and association with, my family; he had agreed, I reminded him, before our marriage, to my remaining at home one year at least—his

promises might pass for nothing with himself, they would not with me; if he chose to take a house he might do so, but his housekeeping would be done independently of me; if my wishes were never to be consulted by him, I should have to consult them myself—that was all.

I never gave him greater pleasure, he replied provokingly, than when I consulted my own wishes; for his part he could have none in which I did not heartily concur.

He admitted that he had cordially agreed to my remaining at home a year after marriage, but that late experience had slightly modified his views; he was not infallible, however, and probably erred in judgment—indeed, he was quite sure he did, since I differed from him; he hoped I would pardon his unkind suggestion, and believe him what he really was, the most faithful and devoted of husbands.

Amongst my weaknesses was a passion for emeralds. Mr. Doughty had heard me express my admiration for them many a time. The day following our little rencounter he came home an hour earlier than usual, seated himself on the sofa beside me, and taking two little parcels from his pocket and concealing them beneath his hand, said playfully—

“Which one will you have, Nell?”

“The best one!” I replied, reaching out my hand.

“The better one,” he rejoined quickly; “the best of the two is not elegant—at least it was not till you made it so.”

I withdrew my hand and averted my face. If he and I had been alone, I might have taken the reproof more kindly; but Kate heard it all, as it seemed to me she always did every thing that was disagreeable. I might have made some angry retort, but a visitor was just then announced—an old classmate of Mr. Doughty’s, whom I had never seen.

“He is come specially to pay his respects to you,” my husband said as he rose to join him. “You will see him, of course.”

“If it is my lord’s pleasure,” I replied; “bring him to me when it suits you.”

Involuntarily he put his hand on my hair, and smoothed it away, glancing over me at the same time from head to foot. The motion and the glance implied a doubt of my observance of external proprieties, and also I felt at the moment, personal dissatisfaction with me. The interview was embarrassed and restrained; I was self-conscious every moment, and crippled completely by the knowledge that in my husband’s eyes I was appearing very badly.

I misquoted a familiar line from Shakspeare; expressed admiration for a popular author, and when asked which of his works I read with most delight, could not remember the name of any thing I had read.

My discomfiture was completed when my husband said apologetically,

“I dare say that wiser heads than my little Nellie’s have been confused by similar questions—in truth, she is not quite well to-day.”

The old classmate related some very amusing blunders of his own, calculated to soothe, but rasping my wounded feelings only into deeper soreness, and presently the conversation fell into the hands of the gentlemen altogether; and I am sure it was felt to be a relief, by all parties, when our guest announced the expiration of the time to which he was *unfortunately* limited. My husband walked down street with him, and during his brief absence I wrought myself into a state of unwomanly ugliness, including dissatisfaction with every thing and everybody.

The words “my little Nellie,” which my husband had used, rung offensively in my ears. *My* little Nellie, indeed! What implied ownership and what tender disparagement!

When my husband returned he took no notice of my ill-humor, but proceeded to his reading as usual. It was never his habit to read aloud; on this occasion I chose to fancy he had, in his own estimation, selected a work above my appreciation.

"There, Nell, I forgot," he exclaimed after a few minutes of silent reading, and he threw into my lap the little box which I had declined to receive. I did not open it immediately, and when I did so, I expressed neither surprise nor pleasure, though it contained what I had so much desired to possess—a pin, set with emeralds.

"Very pretty," I said carelessly, "for those who can wear such ornaments; as for myself, it would only make my plainness seem the plainer by contrast." And before the eyes of my husband, who had thought to make every thing right by its purchase, I transferred it to my sister Kate. From that time forth it glittered in the faces of both of us daily, but we neither of us ever mentioned it.

It was not many days after this occurrence that Mr. Doughty informed me that he was called suddenly, by matters of some importance to him, to a neighboring State. He did not say *us*, but limited the interest entirely to himself,—nor did he intimate by word or act that the necessity of absence involved any regret. I inquired when he proposed to return—not when should I expect him.

He was not definitely advised—from one to three months. We parted without any awakening of tender emotion. Our letters were brief and formal—containing no hints, on either side, of a vacuum in life which nothing but the presence of the other could supply.

I was informed from time to time that affairs protracted themselves beyond his expectation, but the nature of the affairs I was left in ignorance of. The prospect of staying at home a year added nothing to my happiness. Kate and I agreed no better now that we were alone than before. I secretly blamed her for my unfortunate alienation from my husband: it was not the importunate nature of his business that detained him, I was quite sure. I grew uneasy and irritable, wished to have him back, not for any need my nature had, that he alone could answer. I

wanted him to want to come back—that was all.

Kate accused me of unfeeling and unsisterly preference for a vulgar and heartless man, to my own family.

"The dear old Nell was completely merged in the selfish Doughty," she said, "and she might just as well have no sister for all the comfort I was to her."

So we kept apart a good deal, and by keeping apart, soon grew apart pretty thoroughly. In truth, our natures had never been cast in the same mold, and it was impossible that they should more than touch at some single point now and then.

At the end of six months a portion of my fret and worry had worked itself into my face. My hair had fallen off and was beginning to have a faded and neglected look. I was careless about dress, and suffered my whole outer and inner person to fall into ruins. By fits I resolved to project my general discontent into some one of the reforms, I hardly knew which, when after a day of unusual irksomeness and personal neglect, my husband unexpectedly returned.

He was in perfect health, and rejoiced in the possession of affluent beard and spirits—he was really quite handsome. I looked at him with wonder, admiration, and some pride—kissed him and said I was very glad; but there was no thrill in my heart—no tremor in my voice—the old fires of anger had left the best part of my nature in ashes, I found. He was sorry to find me looking so badly—I must go with him on his next adventure and get back my beauty again! If I could only see his smiling, blushing cousin Jane, it would shame my melancholy and sallow face into some bloom! And, by the way, I must know her—he was sure I would love her just as he did—she had done so much to make his banishment from me delightful—no, not delightful—but bearable. He would defy any one to be very miserable where she was. She kept about her under all circumstances such an atmosphere of cheerfulness

and comfort; was so self-sustained and womanly, and yet as capable of receiving pleasure as a child: as an example of a beautiful and child-like trait in her disposition, he told me with what almost pious care she preserved every little trinket he ever gave her. She would clap her hands and laugh like a very baby over the least trifle bestowed upon her.

I thought of the emerald pin, and of (as doubtless he did) the contrast my whole character presented to this charming wonder.

"Ah, me!" he concluded, and fell into a fit of musing. I did not interrupt him by any poor attempt at cheerfulness I did not feel.

Before long I succeeded in coaxing upon myself a headache—slighted the advice proposed, and at nightfall had my pillows brought to the sofa, and gave up altogether.

I was almost glad to be sick—it would revive in my husband some of the old tenderness, perhaps; but what was my disappointment when he took up his hat to leave the house.

"What, you are not going out to-night?" I inquired in surprise.

"Why, yes, my dear, why not?"

"If you ask why not, I suppose there is no reason."

"Is there any thing I can do, or shall I send the doctor?"

"No, there is nothing special I need, but I thought you would stay at home to-night—I am unhappy every way."

"I am very sorry, but my engagement to-night is imperative—I promised Jenny I would immediately see some friends of hers, here."

I hid my face in my pillows and cried, and I confess there was some method in my tears—I did not think he would leave me under such circumstances. I was mistaken—he did.

"Have you seen any house that you thought would suit us?" I ventured to ask him before long.

"No, I have not been looking for a house."

He did not follow up my suggestion, and I added as if I had but to intimate

my wishes to have them carried out, though the hollowness of the sham was appalling—"I really wish you would look." He still was silent, and I continued—"Won't you?"

He replied, evidently without the slightest interest in the matter, "Why, yes, when I have time." He paid no further attention to my request, however, and when I reminded him of it again, he said he had forgotten it.

It seemed to me I could not live from one day to another—change would be a relief, at any rate, and my husband's indifference to my wishes made me importunate; but from week to week he put me off with promises and excuses, both of which I felt were alike false.

He could not see any places. "Inquire of your friends." He had, and could not hear of any.

"Why, I saw plenty of houses to let, and was sure I could secure one any day—would he go with me some time?"

"Yes, certainly—at his earliest convenience."

I awaited his convenience, but it did not come. In very desperation, I set out myself; but searching without having fixed upon any locality, size of house, or price to be paid, was only a waste of time, I felt, and accordingly I wandered about the streets, looking at the outsides of houses, and now and then inquiring the terms at the door, but declining in all instances to examine the premises, or take the slightest step toward the securing of a house.

"Had you not better consider it a little?" Mr. Doughty said, at length, as if I had not been considering it for six months!

He feared I would find it lonesome—he might be from home a good deal, such was the unfortunate nature of his prospects. Where was he going, and what for?

He was not going at all that he positively knew of, but his affairs were in such a state that contingencies might arise at any time, that would demand his absence for a few weeks or months.

"A happy state of affairs," I said, with womanish wit; "I suppose one of

the contingencies is your charming cousin Jenny!"

He would only reply to my foolish accusation by saying it was quite unworthy of my generous nature—I wronged myself and him, and also the sweetest and most innocent little creature in the world.

For some days nothing was said about the house; but I was a woman, and could not maintain silence on a disagreeable subject, so I renewed it with the importunate demand to know, once for all, whether or not we were ever to keep house. Thus urged, he consented to go with me in search of a house.

The air was biting on the day we set out—the streets slippery with ice, and gusts of sharp snow now and then caused women to walk backward, and bury their faces in their muffs.

We turned into streets and out of streets, just as it happened—Mr. Doughty did not care where we looked—anywhere I chose;—sometimes we passed whole blocks of houses that seemed eligible, without once ringing a bell: he did not suggest looking here or there, made no objection to terms, and suggested no proposals. Now we turned into a by-street and examined some dilapidated tenement, and now sought a fashionable quarter, and went over some grand mansion to be let for six months only, and furnished!—an exorbitant rent demanded, of course.

The whole thing was so evidently a sham, that I at last burst into tears and proposed to go home. Mr. Doughty assented, and with my face swollen and shining with the cold, my hands aching and my feet numb, I arrived there in a condition of outraged and indignant feeling that could go no further.

I comforted myself as I best could, for nobody comforted me, and my husband, monopolizing the easy-chair and a great part of the fire, opened the letters that awaited him.

When he had concluded the reading of the first one—addressed, as I observed, in a woman's hand—he said suddenly, "Come here, Nell, and sit on my knee."

I did so.

"What should you think of taking the house in — street?"

"I should like it very well."

"I think that would suit us—room for ourselves, and a visitor now and then, perhaps."

I did not sit on his knee any longer: I felt instinctively that the letter he had just read was from the charming cousin, and that the prospect of having her for a guest had changed the aspect of affairs.

The house was taken at once, and Mr. Doughty informed me before long that I had a great happiness in prospect—that of knowing the little cousin I had heard him speak of.

She came almost before we were settled; impossible, thought I, that I should be jealous, the idea of affinity between her and Mr. Doughty was so ridiculous. She was white, short, and fat as a worm in a chestnut, and almost as incapable of thought. The flax-like hair was so thin you could see her head beneath it all the time; her cheeks and chin trembled with fatness; her eyes were of the faintest blue, and cloudy with vague apprehension; her arms hung stiff and round as two rolling-pins, and her pink and blue silk dresses were pinned up and fringed out, and greasy: but she was amiable—too simple-hearted and indolent to be otherwise, indeed.

"She is a child, you see," said my husband, "and I bespeak for her childish indulgences; you must not be surprised to find her arms about my neck any time—playful little kitten, that she is."

I was not so much surprised to find her big fat arms about his neck, as by the fact which gradually broke in upon me that they had power to detain him from the most important duties.

Toward her he was gentle and indulgent to the tenderest degree—toward me exacting, severe, and unyielding.

If I fretted, he was surprised that I could do so with so patient an example before me; if I forbore complaint, he gave me no praise: I had done nothing

more than I ought to do. If I slighted or blamed Jenny, as I was sometimes driven to do, he was surprised and indignant that I, a reasonable woman, should treat a mere child, quite incapable of defense or retaliation, so cruelly.

By turns, I resorted to every device: grave and reserved dignity, playful badinage, affected indifference, rivalry in dress and manner, pouting, positive anger, threats of divorce and separate maintenance—all would not do. I ruined thereby the slender stock of amiability and fair looks I began with, and gained nothing. Now I went home for a few days, and now I affected illness; but I gained nothing, for of all lost things most difficult to be regained, lost affection is the most hopeless.

This state of feeling could not last always; the nerves of sensibility could not be laid bare, and left bare without becoming indurated, and by degrees I became incapable of receiving or of giving enjoyment. In our treatment of one another, my husband and I fell into a kind of civility which was the result of indifference. Before folks we said "my dear;" and when we were alone—but we never were alone—we had ceased to have any of those momentous nothings to communicate which require to be done without observation. I had no longer any motive in life—duty was tiresome, and pleasure a mask that smothered me; love was a fable, and religion, I knew not what—nothing that comforted me, for it can only enter the heart that is open to the sweet influences of love.

In a fit of the most abject depression I swallowed poison, and lying down on my sofa awaited death with more interest in the process of its approaches than I had felt for months. The pain and the burning were easier to bear than I had borne many and many a time; gradually the world receded, my eyes closed, and a struggle shook my whole frame—death had indeed got hold of me. A terrible noise filled my ears; my dead and stiffening body seemed to drop away; I sat upright and saw about me all familiar and

household things. On the floor beside me lay the picture I had been holding in my hand when I fell asleep—the noise of its falling had waked me.

"Then it had been only a dream, after all?"

"Why, to be sure; did you not see all along that such things could not have really happened?"

DON'T DO IT.

BY JOHN K. FRANCIS, M.D.

LET us in this first paper advert to the injurious effects arising from the habit, so generally prevalent, of allowing children and young persons to sleep with persons whose frame is decaying and becoming negatively vitalized through age. The *habit* has, believe me, ruined many a promising child in health, and has caused many a parent, seeing the decline, to wonder what it could result from. Ah! if the statistics were to be had, what a record it would be, of young bodies depleted of necessary vitality to feed the decaying frames of those far past the meridian and on the decline of life! Children go down to the grave yearly, or grow up into a sickly being, from sleeping with the aged and infirm, and yet our list of ailments and mortal maladies does not contain that of this mental and physical suicide.

It should be understood, first, that children, as compared with the grown person, are, electrically, in a positive condition. The rapidity of circulation, their great physical activity, the changes ever going on in their young frames, all tend to generate and consume the nervo-electric fluids so necessary to health, growth, and mental development. This manufacture of vital forces should be encouraged by open-air exercise, by cool, sustaining food, by pleasing associations and happy state of the emotional nature. If any of these be wanting, a change for the worse will be the result;—the child will not thrive and develop as the anxious parent could wish. How many children we have

peering out of windows with pale faces, with flaccid flesh and hollow cheeks! Little prisoners, shut away from God's good air and sunlight in the great house-prisons which "the world" calls a house—is it strange they pine, and droop, and die? Their little hands pressed against the doors ever, begging for the freedom to her children, the beasts and birds. But "society," with its prudish and pious anxiety, cries out against soiled hands, against romping manners, against rough hands, against *coarse flesh* (!), against street associations; and therefore "society" is *favoured* with puny children, with puny men and pale-faced women who die young. Oh, ye who know the truth as God has revealed it in his *requirements* for health and vigorous life, why do you so thwart that kind purpose of Him "who doeth *all* things well," by denying your children their moral and physical *natural rights* in the air, in exercise, in social enjoyment, in free associations? Be sure that Heaven will hold you as accountable for the ruined health of your child, as it held the keepers of the silver and gold of the Sanctuary.

The facts of contact of young bodies with older ones are these, as we learn by good authority, as well as by our own experience and observation:—When, by repeated conjunction, through the long hours of the night, of the child with the grown body, the vital processes of Nature are paralyzed, through the absorption of their vitality and positive electro-conditions by the negative body at their side. In consequence, the child soon pines, grows languid and listless, experiences pain from little exertion, becomes dull, fretful, and, eventually, sickly: if change of air and habits does not follow, if the child is not taken away from nightly flesh-contact with the old person—whose whole system grows vigorous from its absorption of the child's strength—it will go into a decline which will, ere long, lead down to the Valley of Death. Ah! that val-

ley is strewn with little tombstones, whose record *should* be—"Died from contact with an old body!"

This is no new revelation of latter-day medical science. The aged Psalmist is authority; for it is stated, that when he became old and infirm, to restore his failing energies and strength he had certain young persons sleep with him, and his days were thus lengthened. So the fact of the results of such contact was known of old; and it seems to us the strangest of all delinquencies that the results of this contact to the younger body should have been so long overlooked.

A good authority before us says:—"Invalid mothers often prolong their existence by daily contact with their children. I once knew a woman who, by weak lungs and mineral doctors, had been prostrated with incurable consumption. Her infant occupied the same bed with her almost constantly day and night. The mother lingered for months on the verge of the grave, her demise being hourly expected. Still she lingered on, daily disproving the predictions of her medical attendants. The child, meanwhile, pined away without any apparent disease; its once fat little cheeks fell away with singular rapidity, till every bone in its face was visible. Finally, it had imparted to its mother its last spark of vitality, and simultaneously both died.

I saw it recently stated in a newspaper, that a man in Massachusetts had lived forty-one days without eating any thing, during which period he had been nourished altogether by a little cold water, and 'by the influences absorbed by him while daily holding the hands of his wife.'

Upon talking over the subject with a good physician—not a Pharisee of that tribe (for there are Pharisees in the doctor craft as well as in the sacred desk), he added his testimony in the following strain:—

Among the pernicious habits of civilized life, there are, you must know, but few more deteriorating in their tendencies, or more prone to sap the founda-

tion of the physical system, or retard growth, than that of the aged sire and infant son reposing night after night for weeks, and in some cases for years, as is the custom with many families, in close proximity to each other.

Electricity is one of the essential elements of animal life; and though furnished in liberal quantities by nature, it is not supplied beyond the necessary wants of the system. Being a fluid of strong affinities, the positive is readily attracted by the negative; hence the objection to the old and infirm being placed in contact with the young and growing child during the night. The natural condition of the former is antagonistic to the latter—the one is negative, the other positive.

The changes that are going on between two bodies in opposite electrical states may be readily inferred from the rapidity with which electricity passes from pole to pole. So soon as two persons come in contact, of unequal age, it makes no difference how much electricity is retained by the younger, it passes like a flash of lightning to the older. Hence, the practical application of this law of electricity is, to draw on the former for a supply to sustain the sinking energies of the latter. Who would ever think of drawing by small potations, nightly, the vital fluid from the body, or diminish the quantity of food, by day, to an amount insufficient to supply the demands of the growing tissues of the system? Yet such is the effect on the animal economy by the contact of two persons in opposite electrical conditions—the positive electricity passing to the negative pole, from the young to the old.

How one body can be affected by another differing in their electrical states, is one of the mysteries of nature of which the masses have but a faint idea; hence the indifference and inattention paid to its wonderful powers acting and reacting upon the animal economy. In truth, the subject is but seldom, if ever, thought of—it but

rarely occurs to the mind that one body in a positive condition, placed in contact with another negatively electrified, will impart to the latter its electricity. Knowing this, who would ever think of so far violating the laws of physiology as to place together two persons of different electrical states for the term of six to eight hours out of every twenty-four, except to feed the one at the expense of the other?

The evil effects of this habit, too common and too generally practiced, can be recognized in the pallid cheeks, thin visage, and strumous constitutions of the numerous children seen in the streets and thoroughfares of every city and town in the land. Their bloodless veins and shattered nervous systems indicate to the observer that this health-destroying practice, with its modern accompaniments—want of pure air and sufficient exercise, not to say bad food—are making their inroads on the rising generation, and their effects are ingrafting themselves upon poor humanity, to be handed down to generations yet unborn, as a monument of the pernicious practice of a people who boast of their refinement and intelligence. The dark and gloomy apartments appropriated to the poor and lower orders of society, in every populous town throughout the country, are not more injurious to health, or more deteriorating to the physical system, than the loss of electricity to the nerves. The animal system is so complicated, yet so complete, that it requires, and must have, its full proportion of all the elements which enter into its complicated machinery, or disease and death will follow—as certain as the rising and setting of the sun.

Mothers! 'tis to you we most appeal to rectify the above fatal errors touching the life and happiness of your children, and as coming more immediately, in your household economy, under your own inspection. It is to you we look for the rectification of those fatal abuses so pointedly delineated as above by skillful physicians of our day."

THE BOUNTEOUS GIVER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He giveth food to all flesh."—THE PSALMIST.

God giveth to the helpless babe
A mother's nurturing care,
And still the man, in strength unbow'd,
The warrior stern, and monarch proud,
To Him for food repair.

The camel, on the desert sands,
The ox, to pastures led,
The lion, roaming o'er the wold,
The lamb, that strayeth from the fold,
Are by His bounty fed.

The wandering denizens of air,
The raven's clamorous brood,
The eagle, high in eyried bower,
The moping owl, in ruin'd tower,
From Him receive their food.

The whale, that like an island spreads,
Amid the seething main,
And all the nameless tribes that keep
Their secret chambers in the deep,
Seek not to Him in vain.

The insects on their gauzy wing,
The ephemeron, in its lot,
The beetle, on its droning course,
The cricket, with its chirpings hoarse,
Are not by Him forgot.

Yea, even the groveling reptile-race
That crawl from hidden lair,
In Nature's ample storehouse find
Some sustenance for them design'd
By His unslumbering care.

Throughout this wide and teeming earth,
In mountain, vale, or grove,
Through ocean depths, 'mid forest shade,
He feedeth all His hand hath made,
With boundless power and love.

A LOVING LIFE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

LET love inspire thee, and thy life shall be
A daily prayer to heaven for sinful earth;
For by true love hath all true virtue birth;
And He whose life was love shall strengthen
thee.

For love, like perfume in the floweret's
cup,

Its balmy influence still rendereth up,
To fill each breeze with sweetness like its
own:

Thus by our loving lives a sway is thrown
(Even tho' that sway to us be all unknown)
O'er many a wanderer in this world of
guile;

And thus a soul may cost us but a SMILE!
Let then our love in loving deeds be shown;
For, as their fragrance lifts itself above,
Be sure that many a heart is lifted thus
by love.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

(See Steel Plate.)

WHY need the fond mother be broken of
rest—

Why thrill with forebodings awakened by
love?

Her beautiful babes in their slumbers are
blest

By heaven-given watchers from mansions
above.

The prayer, like a sob, in her bosom that
swells,

May sink into silence confiding and deep;
A care, which her own tender yearnings ex-
cels,

Breathes holiness over their innocent
sleep.

Oh, loveliest buds of the garden of earth,
Unblighted by sin and unwithered by
care!

The dew which lay pure on your souls at
their birth

May be brushed from the blossoms which
promise so fair.

The angels which smile on your infant repose
May veil their sad eyes in the swift-com-
ing years,

But the love of such watchers immortally
glows,

And will burn, like the sun, through the
rain of their tears.

It will patiently win from the sin that con-
trols,

It will temper the wind, it will sweeten
the cup,

With invisible chains it will draw up your
souls

Into heaven, as the dew from the flower
is drawn up.

It wearies not days, 'tis unslumbering by
night,—

Perfect wisdom and truth to these watch-
ers are given—

These angels of childhood, whose purified
sight

"Beholds ever the face of their Father in
heaven."

There is radiance unseen, there is music un-
heard

By unspiritual sense in this love-hallowed
room;

'Tis the plumage of seraphs in harmony
stirr'd,

While the smile in their eyes steals like
light through the gloom.

So, rest thou, young mother! be trustful,
and sleep,—

Thine infants are guarded like Mary's of
old;

A love which excelleth *thy* faithfulness keeps
In pastures of safety the lambs of thy fold.

M. V. V.



ALICE CARY.

NO female writer in America occupies a more enviable position in the hearts and homes of the people than Alice Cary. Her poems have a recognition extended to no contributor to current literature, while her prose composition proves her to possess the originality and power of a marked individuality. In introducing her to the readers of *The Home*, through a brief sketch of her life and labors, we perform a pleasing task—one which we are sure will be most acceptable.

Miss Cary is a native of Hamilton County, Ohio, where she was born in April, 1820. Here ancestors were successively of the pure blood of Huguenots, Puritans, and Revolutionary patriots. One, Walter Cary, opened the first grammar-school in America, at Bridge-

water, sixteen miles from Plymouth. John, one of his seven sons, settled in Windham, Conn., and had five sons—among them, Samuel, great-grandfather of Alice. Samuel was liberally educated at Yale, and practiced medicine at Lynn, Conn., where, in 1763, the grandfather of Alice was born. This Cary answered the call of his country, in the early campaigns of the Revolutionary army, and served with honor throughout that time which tried the patriotism and strength of soul of the American people. The war found him, in common with almost all who had fought their country's battles, poor; and he was among the first of those who sought for fortune in the then western wilds—finally locating in "Clovernook," whose memory is now a household word

through the "Papers." There her father was born, and there he still resides, a noble old gentleman of the old New England school. Of her mother, Alice has written: "She was a woman of superior intellect, and of a good, well-ordered life. In my memory she stands apart from all others, wiser and purer, doing more and loving better than any other woman."

In "Clovernook" (six miles from Cincinnati, among the lovely Hamilton Hills) passed the years of her life, up to 1850. Her educational privileges were somewhat limited, though this did not restrict that development of mind and soul which, in her later years, are the richest of dowries. Her earlier life was shared by an elder sister, to whom she thus sadly refers: "A beloved sister shared with me in work, and play, and study; we were never separated for a day. She was older than I, more cheerful and self-reliant. I used to recite to her my rude verses, which she praised; and she, in turn, told me stories of her own composing, which I, at the time, thought evinced wonderful ability, and I still think that sister was unusually gifted. Just as she came into womanhood—she was not yet sixteen—death separated us, and that event turned my disposition, naturally melancholy, into almost morbid gloom. To this day she is the first in memory when I wake, and the last when I sleep. Many of my best poems refer to her. Her grave is near by the old homestead, and the myrtles and roses of my planting run wild there." Here we have the keynote to her sadness. Left alone in her desolation, she passed years of isolation which it is painful to contemplate.

Endowed with perceptions of a high order, her daily life was at variance with a proper development of her powers, while it served to confirm the morbid tone of her temperament. She says: "In my memory there are many long, dark years of labor at variance with my inclinations, of bereavement, of constant struggle, and of hope deferred." We see the results of this experience in the

touching sadness which burdened her lyre for years, and which even yet characterizes it to a no inconsiderable degree.

In 1838 the first essays at writing for the press were made, in Cincinnati. Discerning critics saw in those early effusions the poet's power. Their kind reception greatly encouraged the young writer. She says: "The poems I wrote in those times, and the praises they won me, were to my eager and credulous apprehension the prophecies of wonderful things to be done in the future. Even now, when I am older, and should be wiser, the thrill of delight with which I read a letter full of cordial encouragement and kindness from the charming poet Otway Curry, is in some sort renewed. Then the voices that came cheeringly to my lonesome and obscure life from across the mountains, how precious they were to me! Among those, the most cherished are Edgar A. Poe and Rufus W. Griswold."

In 1850, at the suggestion of friends, Alice left the seclusion of her western home for the wider experiences, the more cosmopolitan associations of city life, which, it was properly thought, would conduce to the better and more healthy development of her powers. Her sister Phœbe soon joined her; and since that period the two have dwelt in the great Babel.

From the date of their removal to New York, the sisters became frequent and most approved contributors to the press. In 1850, their first volume of poems was published, in Philadelphia. In 1851, Alice gave her first series of the "Clovernook Papers" to the public. The volume had a very large sale. Its unique character, the pathos and beauty of its delineations, its pure tone, served to place the author first among our popular female writers—a position she failed not to sustain in her future productions. "Hagar: A Story of To-day," was published in 1852. A second series of "Clovernook Papers," in 1853, was equally successful with the first issue. Several editions were exhausted. Both series were republished in England.

In 1853, "Lyra and other Poems"

was given to the public. As has been well said: "The volume at once seemed to silence all contention as to the relative standing which should be accorded the author among the female poets of America. Mr. Poe had already asserted for her a *leading* position, and this volume fairly substantiated the claim. 'Lyra,' 'In Illness,' 'Hymn to Night,' 'Winter,' 'Jessie Carrol,' certainly were poems inferior to none written in America in pathos, beauty of imagery, exquisite sensibility, and grace in utterance."

"Clovernook Children" was brought out, by Ticknor & Co. of Boston, in 1854. It soon passed into a fireside familiar, and gave the author a most loving hold upon the affections of the children. During 1855, the same publishers brought out a more complete edition of Alice's poems. It included, beside the best of her hitherto contributions to our poetic literature, "The Maiden of Tlascala," a production of great beauty, betraying more real poetic power than any production by any female writer since the days of Mrs. Brooks.

In 1856, "Married, not Mated," was published by Derby & Jackson, of New York. It was characterized throughout by finely-drawn individualities. Those of "Doke" and "Rache" must be regarded as decided originals.

Miss Cary's later labors have been chiefly confined to the better class of weekly papers, as paying best, and as offering the best medium to reach the great popular heart. The poems thus contributed are evidently written with less care than characterized her "Lyra," but they betray, almost without exception, the author's exquisite sensibility to impressions of beauty, and evolve some life-giving sentiment. It would not be possible, we think, for a writer to be *beloved* more by the class that people the *homes* of America.

May she live long to grace the society in which she moves, to grace the literature of which she is now the ornament, to do good service in elevating public taste to noble standards of excellence and purity!

THE ICICLE MELTED; OR, THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Is there one soul so hardened that the voice of true kindness cannot reach it?

"LET her alone, Josephine! She is the worst child in the village! Bad from the very beginning!"

"But she is human, Lizzie; God has no unmarked sparrows."

"True; but there is very little of the sparrow about her, unless it be the sparrow-hawk! Why, she uses the most profane language—it really chills my blood to hear her; and her temper is positively demoniac! I declare, I don't see how any one can take an interest in her."

"Well, Lizzie, if she has all those faults of character and disposition, so much the more reason that she should be told of her errors. It is not the garden which contains only flowers that needs weeding, but that filled with noxious and useless plants. Who knows what wonders a little instruction, combined with wholesome discipline, may do for her?"

"I tell you it is simply impossible to regenerate the mind of Magdalene Steele. Why, her very name is suggestive of her nature!"

"Are you not a little prejudiced, my dear girl? Notwithstanding the hopeless state of the child, I will try. If I have that faith in Divine goodness which we both profess, I shall never neglect my duty under the plea that its performance will not result in success. Our Saviour said to none there is no hope, but his promises of mercy were given to the chiefest of sinners even unto the eleventh hour. With his example before me, need I fear?"

"Well, I most heartily wish you the success you deserve, but frankly, I don't believe you can do her any good. We'll not stop to dispute about it, however. Good morning!"

Lizzie Seldon turned away, and entered her father's elegant mansion with a sigh of relief—for the day was warm, and the cool parlors were very refresh-

ing after the intense heat of the streets. As the belle and beauty threw herself into a luxuriantly cushioned chair, and rang the bell for her maid to come and remove her bonnet and mantilla, she thought how very foolish was Josie Gray to be running through all those filthy streets, just to try and persuade a pauper child to attend the Sabbath-school!

True, Lizzie had made a profession of religion a few months previously, and had received the holy seal of baptism upon her brow, but her vow of fealty to the Crucified did not entail upon her the necessity of looking after all the vile and low children in the town! Assuredly not; and the well-satisfied young lady settled back in the delightful shadows of the silken curtains, and employed her white fingers upon a piece of rare embroidery, which was to be presented, by-and-by, to the minister's wife, with the "affectionate respects" of the fair young church-member.

Meanwhile, Josephine Gray pursued her way down mean alleys and through dirty courts, until at last she reached the locality which had been pointed out to her by a policeman as the residence of Magdalene Steele and her inebriate father. It was an old, shattered house, originally containing but two rooms, and now time had made such inroads that only one of the apartments was habitable. There were great cavities in the broken roof, which admitted alike the sunshine and the rain, and the entry floor, where Josephine stood, was green with the mold of dampness.

Josephine's rap was answered by a child, evidently some nine or ten years of age, although she bore little resemblance to a human being. Her hair hung in tangled, elfin masses of blackness down over her brown neck and arms—her eyes gleamed wild and unsteady as the midnight flame of the *ignis fatuus*: half-dreading, half-defiant as they glanced up into the visitor's face; her figure was thin to mere attenuation, her skin brown and sallow, and her

features wore a blended sternness and ferocity painful to behold. Her dress was coarse, ragged, and filthy, and her feet bare and bleeding from the stones of the street.

Josephine spoke to her very kindly—"Is this Magdalene Steele?"

The black eyes sparkled and glowed with an expression difficult to define. The words explained it.

"How much will you give to know?"

"I wish to know very much, indeed, but I will give no money to Magdalene Steele when I find her. I want to do her *good*. Are you Magdalene?"

The child shook off the hand which the visitor had laid upon her head, and drew back.

"If you did n't come to give me some money, what sent you here? I'm sure I don't want to see you! I don't like the looks of you; you make me think of my mother!"

"Where is your mother? Why don't you wish to think of her?"

"She is dead and buried. I must n't think of her, father says, because she believed in religion and ministers. He and I hate both. There, it's out!"

The girl seemed to feel instinctively that she had said something wrong, for she turned away her face, and a flush of crimson burnt her sickly cheek.

"You will let me come in, won't you? I want to talk with you," said Josephine.

The girl hesitated.

"I don't know about that. Father's drunk and there ain't no chairs; but if you want to come, I don't care!"

She threw open an inner door, and Josephine followed her into a meager room, which presented such a picture of wretched destitution as she had not thought existed in all the great and prosperous village of Wheatwold. On a miserable pallet in a corner, lay the father of Magdalene, a poor bloated sot, in a drunken sleep, with a bottle filled with the accursed poison still lying beside him.

There were neither chairs nor tables; a rude bench served the double purpose: and upon a rough shelf a few

brown cups and plates leaned against the plastering. Josephine sat down on the bench and motioned Magdalene to a place beside her, but the child refused by a quick, impatient nod of her head, and remained standing before her with sullenly folded arms.

"Magdalene," said the lady, "I have come here to-day because I have heard a great deal of you; I have been told that you are very wicked—that you use very bad language and break God's holy Sabbath; is it so?"

"Of course it is. I don't know as you need to tell me of it!"

"I am sorry to hear you speak thus, my child, but I am not angry. I came to do you good, and if you will let me, I will try to make your life a better one. I want you to give up your evil habits, and say no more cross and wicked words. I want you to be a good child, for good children are always happy. Do you understand me?"

"Yes; you want me to stop being ugly, and have a face as long as a chair-post, eh?"

"Not exactly—I desire your happiness, and to obtain this you must love everybody and——"

"I won't! I hate all the fine ladies in their silks and satins, that pass me by as if I was a dog! I hate 'em, I tell you!"

Josephine paid no attention to this frantic outburst of passion, but continued—

"I want you to learn—to go to school and learn to read good books, to write, and maybe, if you try hard, to draw beautiful pictures and sing sweet songs."

The right chord in the neglected child's being was touched. Her eyes dilated and grew moist with enthusiasm. Once in her wasted life, she had heard a great and good man, now, alas! no more, read a story about two little children who learned many strange and wonderful things from books, and who, when they grew up, astonished the world with the splendor of their discoveries. Thenceforth a holy reverence had dwelt in the heart of Mag-

dalene for books and learning, and her great ambition—though unexpressed—was to be a scholar. Perhaps she did not thoroughly understand and realize this yearning, but with Josephine's words the light of revelation broke in upon her soul. She clasped her hands together impulsively, and her dark face grew soft and human-like, as she exclaimed—

"Oh! if I only could! If I only could!"

Josephine was delighted with this expression of interest—it was just what she desired; and drawing the now unresisting girl down beside her, she talked at length of the school, the teachers, the scholars, and the many things which were taught there. Magdalene listened, and grew much engaged in the prospect held up before her. Before Josephine left she had gained the promise of "the worst child in the village," that if she could have decent clothes she would attend church the ensuing Sabbath, and afterward the Sunday-school. And Josephine, after satisfying her upon this point, and conversing a little more with her upon sacred things, took her leave.

Promptly the next Sabbath, the little Magdalene sat in the free pew, dressed in the pretty frock and bonnet which Josephine had sent to her, and throughout the entire service she was quiet and attentive. She remained to the Sabbath-school, and manifested a strong, though somewhat sullen desire to learn. On the whole, she did much better than could have been expected from her unprepossessing exterior and the memory of her miserable life.

Miss Lizzie Seldon declared that Josephine had wrought a miracle in getting her to church at all—the little unkempt elf was enough to frighten one; for her part, she did not feel as if she had any business with such low creatures.

Well, time passed on, and Magdalene Steele was constant in her attendance at church and punctual in her class. Her lessons were always perfect, and her developing intelligence positively

wonderful. She had learned to read with ease and fluency, and could form her letters intelligibly if not elegantly. She met with much opposition from her father, who despised all piety, and scoffed at the religion of Christ as a mere artifice of shallow hypocrites. But Magdalene bore all his taunts with gentleness, for she was taught that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Gradually, as the light of truth broke into her mental dwelling, she grew to love the memory of that mother's face which in early childhood had bent over her. She remembered with painful regret the soft blue eyes and pale forehead, and the sweet voice floated back to her like a strain of half-forgotten music. And as she sat in her lonely dwelling day after day, and formed the piles of straw into graceful hats—for Magdalene was a straw-braider—there were pleasant memories of that dead mother weaving themselves with the soft breath of the afternoon and in the golden sunshine which crept in at the narrow window.

Yes, there was truly a great change in Magdalene Steele, and she was growing better every day. Three years had subdued the evil within her, and brought out the good. It was not all done in a moment—no great thing ever is—but it had been gradual, and sure. Much of this was owing to Josephine's agency and personal tuition. She was kind, forbearing, and patient with her charge, and the girl loved her very deeply and tenderly.

Mr. Steele, the wretched father of Magdalene, had become a confirmed victim of *mania a potu*, and one night, alone with his daughter, he breathed his last, with all the horrors of that terrible disease upon him!

After his burial, Josephine took the orphan home with her, and devoted much of her leisure time in educating and forming correct principles in the girl's heart. At fifteen, Magdalene was a striking looking girl—tall, exquisitely formed, and with a manner as high-bred and graceful as a duchess. She was, in a manner, beautiful—no one

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Murray Wardour was growing

but surely the eternal night-ness was setting upon him—the this beautiful world was going from him—the glory of his life soon to be shrouded in impenetrable darkness!

Magdalene wept and prayed many hour over that dismal letter, but it as long before peace came. Only the remembrance of the unfading light of Heaven could reconcile her—the knowledge that there shall be no night, and no sickness, and no deformity there, strengthened her, and she wrote to the afflicted wife such a letter as flowed forth from the depths of her sorrowing, but submissive heart.

Six months later, Magdalene received a note in the familiar chirography of her friend, but the characters were weak and trembling, and were evidently traced with great effort. There were only these words:

“MAGDALENE:—I am sick—nigh unto death. For Murray’s sake, and for the sake of my new-born babes, come to me. Do not delay. JOSEPHINE WARDOUR.”

Magdalene made all possible haste to gratify the wishes of Josephine, and in two days she stood in the darkened chamber where the wife of Murray

Wardour lay dying! The meeting between the long-severed friends was excitingly affecting, and for a time Josephine seemed to rally and grow stronger in the presence of Magdalene.

Two twin-daughters slept now by her side—little blue-eyed cherubs—inheriting their mother’s frail constitution and sunny hair.

To Murray Wardour, Magdalene was a blessing, and in the sickness of his wife, and his darkened helplessness, he bitterly felt the need of companionship and sympathy.

Contrary to all expectation, Mrs. Wardour lingered a fortnight after the arrival of Magdalene. Her last words, her dying charge was whispered, but the faint tones reached the ears for which they were intended.

“Magdalene, do not leave my husband and children. Remain to be his comforter, and their mother—and may God bless you!”

Then, with her hand fast locked in that of her husband, and his sightless eyes dropping tears upon her face, Josephine Wardour breathed her last.

It was a sad, lonely house after her death—the funeral gloom lingered in the silent rooms, and the motherless children seemed to hush their wailing into a low moan. Dr. Wardour sat all day in his chair, helpless and powerless; the hands which had been wont to lead him out into the garden, and upon the lawn, were folded now upon a pulseless breast—the loving heart which had cared for him so tenderly in his blindness, was cold in the grave!

Deeply and bitterly the blind man felt his loss, and his grief refused all palliation, and put aside all efforts at consolation.

Magdalene had many a grievous trial with herself before she could decide to comply with the dying request of her benefactress. She dreaded the world’s opinion—the busy scandal which would not hesitate to couple her name with base motives if she should remain in the house of the rich widower, and care for his children. At last, regard for the memory of Josephine decided her, and when Dr. Wardour entreated

her not to leave his helpless children to the care of a hireling, she told him that she would not forsake them.

A year fled on, and Magdalene was eyes to the blind, and a mother to his babes. Faithfully and tenderly she performed every duty—keeping ever the memory of the dead Josephine's kindness before her, and looking up to the Divine source for aid when her flesh grew weak. The duties devolving upon the mistress of such an establishment as that of Murray Wardour were many and onerous.

Dr. Wardour had learned to look to Magdalene as he had done to his wife, and she took a sweet though painful delight in ministering to his comfort.

The quiet goodness of Magdalene Steele, united with her attractiveness of person, won for her the love of Wilton Reed, a distinguished attorney who had recently come from New York and established himself in Wheatwold. Magdalene respected him highly, but if she had been able to love him she would not have left her charge—even to have enjoyed the comforts of a luxurious and happy home. So she refused him.

Magdalene was attacked with a slight illness which kept her confined to her room for a few days, and during this period Dr. Wardour came to a knowledge of his warm regard for his gentle housekeeper. He thought over all her noble, unselfish care of himself and his children; her indifference to the slanders which had been spread abroad by idle tongues concerning her conduct, and he formed a resolution.

The next morning, when Magdalene came down to the parlor, he drew her down on the sofa by his side, and taking her hand in his, said solemnly—

"Magdalene, you have been a ministering angel to the blind mourner during the many months that have passed since Josephine went away—can you be still more?"

Magdalene's heart fluttered, but she did not reply, and he went on:

"Helpless and unattractive—a darkened life, and but little prospect of earth's joy—it may be selfish to ask

you to share such a lot, but I love you, Maggie; it is no sacrilege to say it—I love you with a deeper, better, holier love than has ever stirred the depths of my being for any one. Tell me if you can be *all* to me?"

And Magdalene laid her hand on his shoulder and wept tears of joy.

Six weeks afterward they were married, and for three years their lives flowed on, one calm, quiet current of peaceful happiness. Then there came startling reports of wonderful cures performed upon the blind by a celebrated French optician who was traveling in this country, and a latent hope was aroused in Magdalene's breast that her beloved husband might yet receive his sight. She contrived to have the optician see him, unknown to Dr. Wardour, and his decision filled her with joy. Once more the light of heaven would enter that darkened vision—again the face of his wife would he see with the eyes of his body!

It was done; and Murray Wardour was fully restored to sight!

Oh! the depth and fervency of the grateful thanks which Magdalene offered up to God!

Lizzie Seldon, the young lady who had endeavored to dissuade Josephine Gray from trying to bring Magdalene Steele into the Sabbath-school, married a miserable spendthrift, who, after dissipating his wife's handsome property at the gaming-table, died by his own hand in a gambling saloon. After his death Lizzie toiled early and late with her needle in the vain hope of keeping herself and her little son from want; but her strength failed, and she was laid upon her death-bed. It was just before she died that Magdalene Wardour, having heard of her distressful condition, visited her: it was to the once-despised "little pauper" that she owed the comforts which in her last hours surrounded her, and to Magdalene's care, with her dying breath, she committed her child.

Mrs. Wardour, with the consent and approbation of her husband, adopted the orphan, and he grew up, under her fostering care, to be a great and good man.

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

SALUTATORY.

WE would not be always wise—and we couldn't if we would—nor grave, nor practical, nor theoretical; we believe, most warmly and earnestly, that laughter and music, flowers and perfumes, and even “idle weeds,” have uses as real and meaningful as profound as the more serious aspects and productions of life. So we have hedged off a wee corner of our garden, into which we do not intend to allow a single potato or pumpkin of necessity or utility to intrude; it has an air of quiet and seclusion, yet it is full of sunshine and unstudied peace; if we could, we would train roses, honeysuckles, and all fair, climbing flowers so thickly over this hedge which surrounds it, that the cabbages and cornstalks could not even peep in. As it is, we shall do what we can to beautify this Retreat, and pervade it with an air of repose. It is here that we shall love to welcome our readers, and to find them some rustic bench or grassy tuft upon which they can lounge and take their ease. Many gorgeous flowers or fragile exotics may not meet their gaze, nor any music be heard, save the occasional brief warble of some tuneful bird; but we shall try to fill every nook with pinks and pansies, thyme and rosemary, violets and larkspurs—such humble blossoms as thrive easily and yet are dear to the associations of home; and if we do not make the place pleasant, it will not be for want of love and the best intentions. To such as it is, we make our friends sincerely welcome, and hope they will receive it in the same spirit with which it is offered; that having come once, they will return with every month to see what new leaf or bud the season has brought forth; so that, in the course of time, we shall really become friends in the sense of a friendship founded upon mutual associations and the sharing of sentiments and sympathies.

FROST ON THE FLOWERS.

If the “melancholy days” have come, they are interspersed with some moments of glorious light; as the traveler through the

dense and dark forest at times catches gleams of the clear heavens through a rift in the trees overhead, so is our walk through this autumn-time cheered, lit up by the occasional bursts of glory from the frowning sky. Dismal days, moaning winds, relentless frosts come and scatter the dead leaves around, and fill the hills and woods with the requiem of Nature for Beauty dead; but ever and anon the summer sun struggles back to cheer and strengthen us for the hard race that is before us. There is in all this, O friend of our heart, a living philosophy which should find its way to your soul, and teach it the hope and trust of the good. There is no darkness without its light—no “winter of discontent” without its rosy gleams—no night-time of unrest without its morning of peace. One of the lessons of the autumn-time is to teach us this duality of life-experience. The summer is gone; and, dying, has left the fullness of fatness with which to store our chests; then the destroyer visits all the beauty of field and wood, but only to perfect the work of the season and fit for regeneration and new life the seeds and fruits of the year; the storms prevail only to recuperate the energies of the elements; and winter's snows and cruel breath all have their kindly offices to perform in the great processes of nature. The thought of winter is painful, for its terrors are real, and no human power can stay their visitation; but, we may well believe if man was less cruel to his fellow, was more a Christian and less a task-master, that the rigors of mid-winter would find few homes to rob of comfort, few hearts to wear away with despair. God “fitted earth for man;” and if man had not become a petty tyrant, hoarding away a thousand times more than his bodily wants require, the discomforts of the cold would be easily borne and scarcely to be dreaded.

COMPOUND INTEREST.

BEN ADAM had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four—so on, till people said,

"How rich BEN ADAM is!" and bow'd the servile head. •

BEN SELIM had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.

BEN SELIM died, too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reach'd heaven, angels, with pride,
Show'd him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

FIRE LIGHT.

What shall we gain in comfort or convenience by these modern furnaces, that will compensate us for the loss of the tricky Puck who dwells in the chimney corner? A charm is lacking in that parlor from which the grate has been banished. It is inside the grate that air-castles arise, built of the most dazzling gems; there, dream-pictures are hung—framed in gold—strange landscapes, painted with gorgeous sunset atmospheres: there, towers grow up, built of rubies, pinnacled with sapphires from the toil of the fire-pigmies, who scarcely complete their work before opposing pigmies open upon them their batteries—mimic lightnings flash, the smoke darkens around, the towers crumble and fall with a crash, the sparks fly aloft from the ruins, there is a moment of lurid splendor—and all is dark; there the golden wheel of fortune turns before the eye of reverie, dropping glittering prizes as it whirls; and there lovers behold an Eden leading far away into the future, through paths of unspeakable beauty.

More than the pictures on the wall; as much as the music imprisoned in its rose-wood case, and awaiting the thrilling touch of Bessie's fingers to call it forth, are the flickering lights and shadows, the cheerful glow of the grate.

KIND WORDS.

Kind words are to the heart what odor is to the senses: a blessing and a balm. They turn away wrath not alone; but sadness, and melancholy, and suffering disappear at their gentle sound, and the world is all the brighter. How changed would all things seem if no angered words were spoken! How every face would bear the imprint of Heaven, and every heart leap to love and trust! The blessed millenium promised by Scripture can easily be realized if we turn all the care from the world, and implant within each breast the seeds of good will

and kindness. And if, in so great a degree, kind words leaven and sweeten life; in a lesser but no less surer degree they leaven the heart of each individual being, and render the soul a living millenium. How, then, should we try to cultivate kindness! and how constantly should kind words lay upon our lips!

SORROW AND BEAUTY.

Sorrow is ever present, though the semblance be beautiful, at times, as the moon sailing amid the darkness. Even in our most joyous moments there is the consciousness of a shadow upon the soul; and not amid the wild sublimity of the mountains, nor in the quietness of home is the Presence wholly gone. Beauty is linked with, and a sister of Sadness, as the Saviour is linked with the thought of a Crown of Thorns and Wounds in His side; and though we live in the sunlight of gladness with the forms of beautiful things upon every side, yet shall there gleam from out of every landscape—a shadow; from out of every rose—a thorn. In the midst of the most magnificent music, we weep, even though the strains be loaded with exultation; to the echo of the lowest and sweetest melody, the eyes brim up with a grief which seems always present.

Shall this ever be? It is given for the sense to realize the presence of Beauty; and as God is impressed in all beautiful things, to hence realize the presence of Him. But it is *not* given for the mortal sense to compass the *perfection* of that beauty—else were we admitted to immortal knowledge; but the Presence which is ever with us, of sadness, longing, sorrow, is the feeling of the *want* of that immortal realization, and we shall go down to the grave with the *want* unanswered.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

We are indebted to Lamartine's exquisitely fine pen for the following touching and graphic illustration of a mother's love: "In some spring freshet, a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough, whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, with its wicker cup of unfledged song; and fluttering beside it, as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding

the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world. Swept away by passion, that might be, it mattered not; bearing away with him the fragments of the shattered roof-tree, though he did, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death."

Whereupon some one catches up the phrase from him—"an old-fashioned mother!"—and goes on to say so tenderly, that we must transplant his thought into our bower: "Ah, how much meaning is compressed in that simple expression, *the old-fashioned mother!* It carries our thoughts back to those women whose home influence was pure and elevating; who taught their daughters to render themselves blessings to society by their goodness, their diligence, and their useful knowledge. We think of the lofty heroism, the brave endurance, the thousand virtues they inculcated, and sigh at the contrast between the past and the present."

NOTHING MORE.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

We have all of us seen the man to whom the primrose was *only* a yellow primrose. He is the same individual to whom a house is only a house—that is, a place of shelter from the weather: so he builds a great staring thing, with windows like lidless eyes; or a little squatty thing, like a boy with his father's hat on; or a thing, all points, like one of Sydney Smith's speeches; or any thing, but a *beautiful* house, indicative of a beautiful HOME. Of this same person it might be sung:

His wife, so neat, and sweet, and trim,
A careful housewife is to him,
And she is nothing more.

She is the one who darns his stockings, gets up good dinners, and sees to the children; but she is not the one whose heart he makes glad by birthday presents, and lovely, little, emblematical gifts of flowers—by poetical references to the days of their courtship—by

nice, tender kisses and words of praise and encouragement.

He is the man who has beets and cabbages in the back garden, but never a rose-bush or a honeysuckle in the front yard; and who believes that the "sweets of existence" mean Stewart's Syrup and buckwheat cakes.

He never takes his wife to a concert; or, if she over-persuades him, he votes it "a bore." The only pictures in his house are the portraits of the presidents upon the large map of the United States, which hangs upon the walls of what is, by force of example, termed his library, where a small case holds a Webster's Dictionary, and a few volumes teeming with obtuse political and religious controversies.

His babies are *his* babies to him, and they are "nothing more." He never sees about them the flutter of angelic wings, as their doting mother does; though, of course, if they are his, they are "all right."

He does not believe in setting out trees in the public parks, nor in gilding the weather-vane on the new steeple—in fact, steeples and towers, arched windows and "fretted roofs," are "tolerable and not to be endured."

He is a great eater; fond of bodily ease; would not mind if his little wife worried herself to death to secure *his* ease and comfort.

He can hardly be called a good citizen, although he is of the opinion that he confers eminent benefit by his preaching up of *economy*, and his continual opposition to improvements.

If ever he becomes a widower, the girls had best beware of him. Although he will keep his handkerchief to his eyes at the grave of his prematurely-perished companion, he will be "resigned to the will of Providence," and anxious to secure another victim to immolate upon the altar of his unconscious selfishness.

He is a hard task-master, an exacting husband, an indifferent father—an unspiritual creature, upon whose nature *God's beauty* makes no impression; he makes life so real, so practical, and so *selfish*, that it becomes as monotonous as the continuous turning of a rusty old water-wheel—tireless, melancholy, and soulless.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

HOUSEKEEPING is too much of an art and science to be mastered in a month; and happy is the wife who begun the study in the home of her childhood, under the careful guidance of a mother's eye; her knowledge will not only be a mine of gold to her, literally, but it will save her many a heart-ache which the romantic enthusiasm of youth did not anticipate. Skill, forethought, and judgment are qualities in hourly requisition by the good housekeeper, to say nothing of patience, prudence, and self-sacrifice. To combine economy with a becoming liberality; to reconcile the jarring elements of the home; to keep each department duly ordered; to plan for the pleasure and comfort of the inmates; to keep in sight the welfare of the whole; to regulate the kitchen, adorn the parlor, welcome the visitor, minister to the sick—to keep the intricate machinery in motion, without noise or distasteful prominence, requires no small degree of intelligence. An ignorant and narrow-minded woman can not excel as a housekeeper. It is a mistake to suppose that a feeble, uncultivated intellect is best adapted to the management of a home; that the sillier a woman is, the better housekeeper she makes. The qualities brought into play in the every-day routine of the mistress of a house, exceed those required to carry on the ordinary kinds of business, by far.

The skillful workman and the successful merchant will not find their labors conducive to much real comfort, unless there is a prudent and tasteful hand at home to dispense with wisdom what they provide. An ignorant and indolent mistress for the head, and ignorant, unreliable servants for the hands, can make way with all the earnings of the most fortunate man, and give him in return not one substantial comfort, and only the mockery of *the home* to which he has looked forward, and for which he has toiled: the burden of a duty unperformed ought to lie heavily on the shoulders of such inefficiency.

May *this "HOME"* do its duty toward other homes, and its Hints and Helps prove not the least *practically* meritorious portion of the magazine.

We give two excellent recipes for making medicinal broths, which combine the qualities of delicacy of flavor and healing virtues; thinking that any thing which promotes the welfare of the sick will be welcome:

PECTORAL CHICKEN BROTH.—Cut up a young fowl into several pieces; put them into a stew-pan with three pints of spring water; set it on the stove to boil; skim it well, and add a little salt. Take two tablespoonfuls of pearl-barley, wash it in several waters, and add it to the broth, together with one ounce of marsh-mallow roots, cut into shreds for the purpose of better extracting their healing qualities. The broth should then boil one hour, and be passed through a napkin, to be kept ready for use.

MUCILAGINOUS BROTH FOR PERSONS IN DELICATE HEALTH.—Take a young fowl, cut it into several parts, and wash them thoroughly; put these into a stew-pan capable of containing three quarts of water; add thereto three pounds of the lean of very white veal, a couple of turnips, one carrot, and one head of celery—the whole to be cut into small pieces; fill up the stew-pan with spring-water, and put it on the stove to boil, taking care to remove the scum as it rises to the surface. After the broth has thrown off the albumen of the meat in the shape of scum, add to it two ounces of Previte's preparation of Ceylon moss, taking special care to mix well the preparation with the broth. Keep the pan gently boiling by the fire for one hour and a quarter; then pass the broth through a napkin into an earthen vessel, and put it by for use. This broth is nutritious and cooling; its use in cases of *sore throat* will prove beneficial.

Here is a nice little recipe for making *short paste for tarts*:

One pound of flour; half pound of butter; two ounces of powdered sugar; a very little salt; two whole eggs, and about a gill of water. Spread the flour out on the board, with a hollow in the center; then add the butter, sugar, salt, and water, and break in

the two eggs; work the whole together with the hands into a firm paste, and use it for covering fruit tarts, lining tartlets, etc.

The old-fashioned loaf-cake which our mothers used to make—not too rich to put in our school-baskets for lunch, and yet one of the most excellent of all the many sorts of cake—may be prepared on bread-making days without much trouble, by taking three cups of the bread-dough; two cups of sugar; one of butter; one or two eggs; half a cup of milk; and a tea-spoonful of soda; working these thoroughly together, stir in half a pound of raisins, with nutmeg, or other spices; let it rise until light, and bake in a moderate oven.

In baking *sponge-cake*, the whites of the eggs, well-beaten, should not be stirred in until the *last moment* before going into a quick (but not too quick) oven. Success will be more frequently insured with this precaution.

The art of making good *puff-paste* consists in keeping the dough *firm and cool* at the same time that it is thoroughly kneaded. If it becomes at all warm and sticky, it will never be light. It should be skillfully handled, and made up in a cool place; also baked in a moderately quick oven.

In boiling dumplings or any kind of paste the cover should never be removed, nor the water allowed to cease to boil until the paste is done; when it should be taken off before it becomes soaked and heavy.

Much labor of sweeping and dusting may be saved by taking a little care to *keep* clean as well as *make* clean. It is much easier to form a habit of laying your bits of thread or shreds of cloth on your sewing-stand, than to spend half an hour every morning picking them out of the carpet.

We have never tasted any *coffee*, whether out of a French coffee-pot, "Old Dominion," or any other patented or unpatented appurtenance better than can be made by observing the following rules: A good quality of Java or Mocha, browned as quickly and crisply as possible, not to be scorched, and in small quantities, so as not to grow stale; freshly-ground at the hour it is

wanted; incorporate with it part of an egg, and enough cold water to make a paste; put it in a pot, carefully *cleansed and dried* each time, so that none of the old flavor may ruin the new; pour on the required quantity of boiling water just before the meal is served; let it boil up briskly five minutes, and send it to table before any of its rich aroma is "wasted on the desert air."

Black tea should be boiled at least ten minutes.

If your child is taken with convulsions from teething or any other cause, do not forget, in your alarm, to undress it and put it in a bath of water as warm as it can bear; keep its head wet, and rub its body until the physician arrives. Do this always.

A good medicine for a feverish scalp and falling hair, is, while performing your morning ablutions, to wet your fingers in cold water and run them through the hair, rubbing it up at the roots, dampening but not wetting it, which cools the head and increases the deficient circulation. *Singe* the ends of your hair once a month, in the lamp, instead of cutting it; the former method corks up the end of the tube and prevents bleeding of the fluid which enriches it.

If you are caught out, unprepared, in bad weather, and get your feet damp, immediately upon coming in the house, bathe them in warm water and dry them before a fire—give them a good toasting—and you will probably escape a "horrible cold in the head," if not some more serious illness resulting therefrom.

Never *whisper* in a sick-room, nor wear creaking shoes and rustling garments; neither close the door too suddenly, nor sit and turn the leaves of a book—especially if the patient be a nervous one. The difference between a good and bad nurse is often not so much in the heart, or the willingness to serve, as in the attention to small matters which persons in robust health are apt to overlook.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW responsibilities frequently bring new pleasures with their cares. Each little one added to the family group repays, in some degree, for all the pains and anxieties its coming entails. Every new fruit-tree to the orchard, adds content to the farmer's heart. Why should not the editor find in his or her trust, something that shall warm the habitual earnestness of the face into the glow of a smile? The mere consciousness of audience has in it a pleasure; that the ripples of thought and feeling can extend to, and encompass, the islands of new individualities, is a satisfaction very sweet; that the circle of acquaintances and *friends* shall become fuller and more marked is good excuse for "open doors" to the heart as well as to the house. The profession—for such the editor's calling is to those who feel the weight of its requirements—has many demands upon time, patience, and upon the physical as well as the mental energies; there are many labors to be performed which are irksome; many trusts to assume which threaten an ill-return; many answers to be made which may wound too-sensitive souls; but, with all this, there are pleasures and rewards worthy of sacrifice:—not the least of these, is the privilege of *tete-a-tete* with correspondents and readers—of gossip and chit-chat with friends and family circles. With us this is a real, substantial pleasure, for it seems so like a good visit, where the topics introduced are of such humors as the moment or person may suggest—where it is "in order" to smile, or laugh right out, or to be sedate if Parson Earnest happens to pass and cast his lank shadow upon the wall. We shall make the most of every visit, dear friends, and hope we shall always have a welcome to the hearthstone of each "Home" *parishioner*.

—This number of the monthly has been somewhat hastily prepared. The call to its charge was unexpected, and found us in the midst of pressing engagements, which had to be fulfilled. Then plans and features were not to be matured in a fortnight; and a perfectly empty editor's drawer was not to be filled at sight. Hence, we have not the

"Table of Contents" to place before readers which is always so desirable when the first treat is prepared. And yet, we don't know that we shall do any better in the future; though it *does* seem as if the contributors already at work for these pages, should excite an increased interest in future numbers, and produce some pleasant surprises among our readers. We shall see. Only let all good friends and co-workers of the magazine try to give us a large audience, and we shall try and give in return a good monthly.

—Speaking of co-workers:—it seems to us that our publisher has offered unusually liberal premiums for agents and clubs. We believe that a one-hundred dollar sewing-machine can be earned with less effort in canvassing for "The Home," than in any other possible way. Certainly it can be earned in less time, with less strain upon the mentalities, than to write a one-hundred dollar story for the magazines. And so with the other offers: they are of a character to command active and special efforts in behalf of the monthly; and we trust they may be made available by some lady friend in every county of this and other States.

—Among the contributions especially arranging for, are: a series of four stories from the pen of Mrs. H. L. Bostwick; a series of papers, by Mrs. Caroline A. Halbert, on historic themes; a series of stories for the Young Folks, from the pen of William T. Coggeshall, Esq., editor of the *Ohio Journal of Education*, State Librarian of Ohio, and a very pleasing writer; an occasional poem by Alice and Phoebe Cary; Sketches of Western Life and Experience, and occasional poems, by Mrs. Frances Fuller Barritt; a fine series of papers on physiology, health, etc., by Dr. John K. Francis; a series of biographical sketches of eminent living women, by O. J. Victor, editor of the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal*; besides frequent tales, poems, essays, etc., by Clara Augusta, Mrs. Starr King, etc., etc. These, with what we look from, and are promised by, the most excellent contributors who, hitherto, have graced the monthly with their

productions, it is presumed will not fail to make up enough of fact and fancy to please even the most exacting taste.

—The only serial of the year will be the story—the first two chapters of which are given in the present number. It will, probably, run through twelve months of the magazine. Subscribers are therefore advised to preserve the numbers carefully, if they would have the story complete. It alone, in book form, would cost one dollar—all that the whole year's magazine costs to club-subscribers!

—Alice Cary writes for "THE HOME," notwithstanding the declaration of an enterprising newspaper publisher, that she "writes only for his paper." The story in the present number is one of the eminent writer's peculiar productions, combining practicality and philosophy in an effective manner. A poem from the same hand must lie over to the next number.

—We have on file for insertion, "The Two Homes," by Maurice Delancey; "Art Happy?" by Clara Augusta (whose pleasant paper in the present number will be sure to please); "God's First Temple," by Ellen C. Lake; "Life's Milestones," by Veta Vernon; "Our Fairy Lore," by Mrs. Rose Kennedy; "Flowers on the Path of Life;" "A Snow Picture," by "Our Sibyl;" "The Wave of Life," by Ellen More; "The Two Worlds of the Poet," by Mary Richardson; "Not all for Self," by Adelaide Stout; "Genius and Goodness," &c., &c.

—Contributors have our thanks for their favors. A comparatively large number of articles are awaiting their due turn—most of which came too late for use in the present number of the magazine. A *good* monthly can only be made up from good contributions. As it is designed to make "THE HOME" such a publication, in every sense of the word, such contributions are heartily welcome to the Drawer. Especially acceptable will be good sketches of life, character, and experience; tales and narratives to interest all classes; essays upon current topics of social economy, moral and intellectual progress; graphic pictures for the young; hints toward reform; gossip for the "Editor's Table," &c., &c.

—A correspondent writes: "I send you a sketch and a poem, which I desire shall appear in the next number of 'THE HOME.' I *know* they are as good as three-fourths of what is published in our magazines, and therefore expect they will be used. If any partiality governs your selection of matter, and the articles are not used, please to return them immediately, not troubling yourself to say why they are returned." We quote this note to "point a moral." Its egotism can not hide its injustice. The author *knows* nothing about the matter, it is evident. But suppose she does "know." Who edits the magazine, selects what seem best and proper for its pages, discards what is not adapted to its peculiar and varied wants? Do strangers, correspondents, contributors? Then what is the use of an editor? It would surely be a queer magazine that published what writers remitted, without regard to character and kind. Such a publication would only do for people bereft of their senses. It is an editor's especial province to act as umpire in the case of *every* applicant—to allow *nothing* in print which is not worthy; to revise, adapt, and harmonize what is used; to reject, and give reasons for such rejection when they are asked: these are the obvious duties of every conductor of a paper or magazine which essays to any character for excellence. The impropriety of dictation, artifice, or persuasion to forestall judgment, or to compel an acceptance of a contribution, must be apparent to any mind capable of proper discernment; while insinuations of "partiality" must serve, of itself, to mark the writer as one unfit to gain a hearing from those against whom the insinuation is made. A request to "return immediately" is, let us also remark, exceedingly impertinent where penned in a dictatorial spirit and where no stamps are inclosed for any such re-remittance. Let us advise the writer, who penned the note above quoted, never to inclose another such message to any editor; but to send her articles, without restriction, to be judged upon their intrinsic merits solely. If they are meritorious, they will be used; if not, they will be rejected, as they ought to be in justice both to author and editor.

— How periodical publications multiply! One is astounded at their mere numerical mention, and wonder is excited as to where readers are found. There are, doubtless, a great many big stories told of circulations: we surmise if the "investigating committee" was to overhaul the mail-books of "Harper," that one hundred and seventy thousand would dwindle away like Falstaff's assailants on his night march. So of some other "enormous issues" we are told of. Yet, we *are* a "reading people," and it takes a mighty number of revolutions of the power press to supply our daily, weekly, and monthly wants. The demand is, indeed, almost limitless; and it is not strange that new papers and magazines are constantly springing into being, nor is it strange that so many of them are constantly "going out," when we see how little oil they have in their lamps. Only let them be good, and the more the better, particularly if they "make a live of it;" for that "good time" promised is only hastened by the dissemination of good intellectual pabulum. True, the greater the increase of papers and magazines, the less must necessarily be the patronage bestowed upon those already in existence; but, who is selfish enough to care for that? A very few covetous publishers, whose number may be counted upon the fingers (and whose souls, we fear, might be contained in the thimble upon the middle digit), can be found, who try to crush out every new enterprise which promises to interfere with their own circulation; but the world is wide, and never is full, and these poor, covetous souls will be doomed to see papers and magazines multiply with each successive year. Those which are good, and fill a demand well, must prosper, for the public do not fail to recognize and to reward the meritorious and useful. Such a publication it shall be our endeavor to make "THE HOME;" and we only solicit for it that patronage to which it is justly entitled. If it is not meritorious, it deserves not to circulate; but if it answers the want for a *home* magazine, a fireside companion, a social visitor, a moral teacher, then we claim for it a constantly widening field in which to exert its influence. Give it, O discerning public, the favor to which it is entitled, and the pub-

lisher will be content. More, he could not and should not demand.

— When will the people of the country learn to beware of literary agencies—of parties stepping in between the publisher and his subscribers with specious offers of "prizes" of various kinds? Scarcely a week passes that we do not learn of some correspondent having inclosed money to some "operator," for Harper, or Godey, or some other monthly, in the expectation of securing, in addition, some promised prize. It is almost needless to say, beware of any offers *better* than the magazine publishers themselves make, for they are apt to be swindles. Remit your money *direct* to publishers, or only through a party whom you *know* is responsible. The best way to secure a magazine below its published price, is to go into clubs, by which a deduction of thirty-three per cent. may be obtained, which is more than equivalent to any "prize" that can be obtained through these "agencies."

— No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. If parties wish to talk to the editor or to the public through the magazine, they must remit their true name and address: otherwise their communication or contribution will not command attention. A *nom de plume* is not objectionable, where the real name is also confessed to the editor.

— Communications remitted to "THE HOME," which are not given as among the articles accepted, are among those rejected. A large number say, "Please return if not used;" which we should do with pleasure, if stamps were remitted for such return. We can not be to the expense of postage on what is of no use to us. Correspondents should bear this in mind.

— At the last hour we find a number of articles crowded out, after already having been stereotyped for the present number. Among them a fine essay on "Philosophy of Life," "Story for Boys and Girls," by William T. Coggeshall, "Marion's Grief," by Ellen C. Lake, &c., &c. This somewhat restricts the intended variety; but, we think, the room absorbed by the stories will not be regretted. In future numbers the matter will be as varied in its interest as possible.

BOOK NOTICES.

PUBLISHERS are requested to send in all books designed for notice by the 15th of each month. We shall try to give to each book a careful reading and a perfectly unbiased, dispassionate critique. Authors or publishers who do not wish for such a notice, are requested *not* to send us their works.

WORLD-NOTED WOMEN, from Semiramis to Eugenie, by FRANK B. GOODRICH, (Dick Tinto), author of "The Court of Napoleon." Illustrated by portraits on steel. New York: DERBY & JACKSON. Royal 8vo.

THE JOSEPHINE GALLERY: edited by ALICE and PHOEBE CARY. Illustrated with colored portraits on steel. New York: DERBY & JACKSON. Large 8vo.

These two superb books are among the best "gift" publications offered to the trade. They have been prepared without regard to expense, apparently. The first named comprises a perfect gallery of world-noted women, with historical and biographical sketches by the author, which betray a fine familiarity with "authorities," and an admirable insight of the female nature, its springs of action, its power, and its weakness. Few works in our literature give us more graphic delineations of character and finer conceptions of the subject. The work is not one to "grow old," but will preserve its interest perpetually. Hence it is eminently fitted for a holiday gift and remembrancer.

The "Josephine Gallery" is a series of portraits of eminent Frenchwomen of the Republic and Empire, viz; Josephine, Marie Louise, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Madame Tallien, Madame Junot, Pauline Bonaparte, M^{lle} Le Normand, &c. It is "filled in" with poems accompanying each portrait by the editors, and with a number of choice stories by eminent authors. The whole forms a very choice volume—one which would grace any parlor table.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY: collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. Large Octavo.

This exquisitely printed volume is one of the most ambitious, if not one of the most successful collocations of poetry yet made.

The editor remarks that, "of those poems on which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of indisputable greatness, none, whether of English, Scotch, Irish, or American origin will be found wanting." This certainly is strong asseveration, and challenges strict criticism. Looking into the volume, we find three-fourths of the book devoted to trans-Atlantic authors—a bad beginning when it is an *American* market, *American* homes which it is to grace. Of the one-fourth devoted to our own writers, we have not a line quoted from the really *household* poems of Alice Cary, George D. Prentiss, Alfred B. Street, Geo. B. Cheever, Mrs. Osgood, Charles Sprague, Mrs. Sigourney, John Neal, John G. Saxe, Judge Conrad, William Gilmore Simms, William Ross Wallace, William H. C. Hosmer, Geo. P. Morris, Albert Pike, A. J. A. Duganne, Capt. Cutter, Dr. Bethune, "Ben Bolt" English, Paulding, &c., &c. And we are presented, as specimens of those upon which "the seal of indisputable greatness" has been set, with poems by Rose Terry, W. B. Glazier, Humphrey McMaster, W. C. Williams, Harriet List, Maria Lowell, Thomas Hill, George Henry Curtis, &c., &c.! One hardly knows whether to laugh at such assumption, or become angered at its outrageous injustice.

A Household Book of American Poetry is a desideratum. The editor of the *Tribune* could have given us such a book, had his taste been less sectional and more truly patriotic. But he who finds nothing worthy in what Mrs. Sigourney, John Neal, Geo. P. Morris, George D. Prentiss, Alice Cary, Dr. Bethune, Mrs. Osgood, have written, is neither a safe caterer for the *American* fireside, nor an editor capable of justice toward the authors whom his country is proud to worship, notwithstanding the "seal" of Mr. Dana's authority is not affixed to their productions.

Who *will* prepare a volume of American Household Poetry? We hear it said that such a work *is* in hand: may it be thoroughly, honestly, appreciatingly done! we know is the wish of every true friend of American literature.